THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

February, 1803.

JOAN OF ARC.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

JOAN of Arc, the famous and intrepid Maid of Orleans, was born in the village of Domremi, on the borders of Lorraine, where she lived as a shepherdess, and servant at a small inn, till the age of twenty-seven years, during which time she led an irreproachable life, and had hitherto testified none of those enterprising qualities which displayed themselves soon after. She contentedly fulfilled the duties of her situation, and was remarkable only for her modesty, and love of religion. But during the reign of Henry the Fourth, when John, Duke of Bedford, was Regent of France, the miseries of her country seemed to have been one of the greatest objects of her compassion and regard. Her King expelled his native throne, her country laid in blood, and strangers executing unnumbered rapines before her eyes, were sufficient to excite her resentment, and to warm her heart with a desire of redress. Her mind, inflamed by these objects, and brooding with melancholy stedfastness upon them, began to feel several impulses, which she was willing to mistake for the inspirations of heaven. Convinced of the reality of her own admonitions, she had recourse

to one Baudricourt, Governor of Voucouleurs, and informed him of her destination by heaven, to free her native country from its fierce invaders. Baudricourt treated her at first with some neglect; but her importunities at length prevailed; and, willing to make a trial of her pretensions, he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time resided at Chinon.

The French court were probably sensible of the weakness of her pretensions, but they were willing to make use of every artifice to support their declining fortunes. It was therefore given out, that Joan was actually inspired; that she was able to discover the King among the number of his courtiers, although he had laid aside all the distinctions of his authority; that she had told him such secrets, which were only known to himself; and that she had demanded, and minutely described, a sword in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, which she had never seen. In this manner the minds of the vulgar being prepared for her appearance, she was armed cap-à-pee, mounted on a charger, and shewn in that martial dress to the people. She was then brought before the doctors of the university; and they, tinctured with the credulity of the times, or willing to second the imposture, declared that she had actually received her commission from above.

When the preparations for her mission were completely blazoned, their next aim was to send her against the enemy. The English were at that time besieging the city of Orleans, the last resource of Charles, and every thing promised them a speedy surrender. Joan undertook to raise the siege; and, to render herself still more remarkable, girded herself with the miraculous sword, of which she had before such extraordinary notices. Thus equipped, she ordered all the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out; she displayed in her hand a consecrated banner, and assured the troops of certain success.

Such confidence on her side soon raised the spirits of the French army; and even the English, who pretended to despise her efforts, felt themselves secretly influenced with the terrors of her mission. A supply of provisions was to be conveyed into the town: Joan, at the head of some French troops, covered the embarkation, and entered Orleans at the head of the convoy, which she had safely protected. While she was leading her troops along, a dead silence and astonishment reigned among the English; and they regarded with religious awe that temerity, which they thought nothing but supernatural assistance could inspire. But they were soon roused from their state of amazement by a sally from the town: Joan led on the besieged, bearing the sacred standard in her hand, encouraging them with her words and actions, bringing them up to the trenches, and overpowering the besiegers in their own redoubts. In the attack of one of the forts, she was wounded in the neck with an arrow; but instantly pulling out the weapon with her own hands, and getting the wound quickly dressed, she hastened back to head the troops, and to plant her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy.

The raising the siege of Orleans was one part of the Maid's promise to the King of France; the crowning him at Rheims was the other. She now declared that it was time to complete that ceremony; and Charles, in pursuance of her advice, set out for Rheims, at the head of twelve thousand men. The towns through which he passed opened their gates to receive him; and Rheims sent him a deputation, with its keys, upon his approach. The ceremony of his coronation was there performed with the utmost solemnity; and the Maid of Orleans (for so she was now called) seeing the completion of her mission, desired leave to retire, alledging, that she had now accomplished the end of her calling. But her services had been so great, that the King could not think of parting; he pressed her to stay so carnestly, that she at length complied with his request.

A tide of successes followed the performance of this solemnity; Laon, Soissons, Chatteau-Thierri, Provins, and many other towns and fortresses in that neighbourhood, submitted to him on the first summons. Soon after which the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army, laid siege to Compigne, and the Maid of Orleans threw herself into the place, contrary to the wishes of the governor, who did not desire the company of one whose authority would be greater than his own. The garrison, however, were rejoiced at her appearance, and believed themselves invincible under her protection. But their joy was of short duration; for Joan having, the day after her arrival, headed a sally, and twice driven the enemy from their entrenchments, she was at last obliged to retire, placing herself in the rear, to protect the retreat of her forces. But in the end, attempting to follow her troops into the city, she found the gates shut, and the bridge drawn up by order of the governor, who is said to have long wished for an opportunity of delivering her up to the enemy.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the besiegers, in having taken a person who had been so long a terror to their arms. The service of Te Deum was publicly celebrated on this occasion. The Duke of Bedford was no sooner informed of her being taken, than he ordered her to be committed to close confinement. The credulity of both nations was at that time so great, that nothing was too absurd to gain belief, that coincided with their passions. As Joan but a little before, from her successes, was regarded as a saint, she was now, upon her captivity, considered as a sorceress, forsaken by the demon who had granted her a fallacious and temporary assistance. Accordingly it was resolved in council to send her to Rouen to be tried for witchcraft, where Henry then resided; and the Maid, clothed in her formerly military apparel but loaded with irons, was produced before this tribunal. Her behaviour there no way disgraced her fo-

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mer gallantry; she betrayed neither weakness, nor womanish submission; but appealed to God and the pope for the truth of her former revelations. In the issue, she was found guilty of heresy and witchcraft, and sentenced to be burnt alive, the common punishment for such offences.

But, previous to the infliction of this dreadful sentence upon her, they were resolved to make her abjure her former errors; and at length so far prevailed upon her, by terror and rigorous treatment, that her spirits were entirely broken by the hardships she was obliged to suffer. Her former visionary dreams began to vanish, and a gloomy distrust to take place of her late inspiration. She publicly declared herself willing to recant, and promised never more to give way to the vain delusions which had hitherto misled her, and imposed on the people. This was what her oppressors desired; and, willing to shew some appearance of mercy, they changed her sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life on bread and water. But the rage of her enemies was not yet satiated: they were willing to know if her reformation was equally certain. Suspecting that the female dress, which she had consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel, and watched for the effect of their temptation upon her. Joan, struck with the sight of a dress in which she had gained so much glory, immediately threw off her penitent's robes, and put on the forbidden garment. Her enemies caught her equipped in this manner; and her imprudence was considered as a relapse into her former transgressions. No recantation would suffice, and no pardon would be granted to her. She was condemned to be burnt alive in the market-place of Rouen; and this infamous sentence was accordingly executed upon her to the great disgrace of her enemies.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LIV.

IT is by reiterated strokes that the oak is felled; by continued perseverance, and daily additions, that the palace is reared, and the most important labours of men completed. And thus it is also with education or reformation. On some minds, a solitary precept, a rapid view may be sufficient; but in general, it is necessary to recur frequently to the same maxim, and to seize every opportunity of giving effect to the impressions we wish to fix.

It ought, however, to console those who are anxious to improve or instruct others, whether in the capacity of parents, teachers, or moral writers, that honest and strenuous labours will seldom be wholly lost. In regard to some, from a natural amiability of disposition, joined with quickness of conception, every word of advice serves as a rule of conduct for life; and the path is no sooner pointed out, than it is pursued with alacrity and delight; and even where the temper is more obdurate, and the faculties less brilliant, no one ever strove to sow the seeds of virtue and knowledge, without producing some fruit. The season and the soil, the mode of cultivation, and numerous other accidental circumstances, will affect the abundance of the harvest; but it will not wholly fail, where diligence has been used, and the proper means employed.

In the course of my lucubrations, I have endeavored, under various disguises, to impress some leading truths on my fair readers, which I considered as important to their real welfare to adopt; and I have warned them from errors or foibles, with all the zeal which a conviction of duty, and the hope of doing good, could inspire. Amidst the gloom of seclusion, and the increasing ills of age, I have consoled myself with the reflection, that the young and the gay have sometimes been disposed to listen to my precepts, and that the brightest eye, and the finest bloom, have

gain

gained some new aids to conquest, from my well-meant endeavors to set off external charms by cultivating mental beauties. I will trust that this is not only an agreeable illusion, the effect of self-conceit, or sanguine wishes; but that numbers are ready to confirm the opinion I fondly indulge, of my success having been adequate to my inclination to be useful.

Under this impression, I shall continue to blend amusement with instruction; and, by frequently recurring to what I consider as most essential in practice, or most necessary to be avoided, try to form the juvenile mind to a just and proper way of thinking and acting.

Old as the subject of female education is, it never can be exhausted. Were truth and utility its only object and end, these might easily be defined in the aggregate; but while the variety of situations in human life, and the diversity of powers with which we are born, require different modes of institution, there will always be something for individuals to learn, and something for the experienced to teach. Add to this, Fashion, which is constantly at work, to display its caprices on the body, is no less active to influence the mind. Youth has frequently much to unlearn, which it costs so many painful hours to acquire; and the system pursued, is often that which, of all others, is least adapted to their wants and capacities.

As if the dictates of truth were not in themselves inimitable, and incapable of being perverted without injury, every age sets an ideal value on something recommended by Fashion, whose decisions are always variable and uncertain. At one period, young ladies were taught every thing that could render them useful to themselves and others, in all the various relations of life; at another, the specious arts are alone regarded; and neither the wants of the human condition, nor the best mode of supplying them, are taken into the account. Independent of those general accomplishments, which are rather personal than mental, but which yet are liable to no blame in those whose fortunes

fortunes and rank in life admit of elegancies, as Fashion directs, we see at one time an extraordinary attention paid to music, at another to drawing, at a third to fanciful needle-work, and so on, without reason, and without reflection.

The present, according to the practice of the most admired schools for female instruction, may be fairly and impartially styled the period in which superficial arts are allowed to supersede the real and the useful. The mania of music, in particular, has infected all ranks; and it is nothing unusual, now a days, to hear the soft tones of the piano blended with the discord of the pig-stye; or the harp twanging amidst the sound of the hammering of a tinman's shop. Music is unquestionably an elegant accomplishment, but its practice is not suited to all conditions in life; nor is a young female, in many thousand situations, the worse for being ignorant of it. In fact, it has often produced the most fatal effects on the constitution both of body and mind. It gives a false delicacy; an exotic tenderness to the feelings, which incapacitates the devotee for struggling with the ills, or discharging the duties, of life; and, by the sedentary habits it induces, it is equally inimical to health and vigor of body. Drawing, when too zealously attended to, is, in some respects, liable to the same objection: it requires too much confinement; and confinement will ever be destructive of spirits and activity. As for what is called ornamental needle-work, I scarcely know how to speak of it. Useful it cannot be deemed, and few will consider it as amusing, though it may exercise ingenuity.

It is not, however, a general knowledge of these, or any other innocent arts, I would censure: it is only when they are allowed to engross that time which might be better employed, and when they become injurious to the individual and the community. In those cases, they certainly cease to be commendable: they even become criminal.

Another

Another voluntary pursuit, for it is not taught, but acquired, by imitation and pernicious opportunities, against which I must ever enter my protest, is one to which most females are prone, and the young more especially. Need I name an indiscriminate taste for *light* reading? by which I mean novels, romances, and all the train of imaginary adventures, to the exclusion of every thing that is solid, serious, or instructive.

Were it not confirmed by facts, it would scarcely be believed, that mothers or governesses would suffer books of this stamp to fall into the hands of their daughters and pupils. "No virtuous woman," says Rousseau, "ever reads a novel. She who does, is corrupted already." The censure may be too harsh, but it deserves consideration. The most innocent may, indeed, read a novel; but they will be less so, from every volume of this kind they peruse. The mind will be vitiated, though the body may remain pure; and it has ever been my maxim, "that ignorance of vice is the best preservative of virtue."

Thus have I cursorily adverted to what is usually taught or allowed, above all other acquirements, in modern fashionable schools for female education. Can a rational and an accountable being think that these ought to be objects of serious study or attention, when life is so short, and so many useful arts are to be learned? Will music, drawing, and a taste for the general trash of circulating libraries, conduce to make better daughters, wives, or mothers? or rather, will they not have a contrary effect in all those important relations? Away with such absurdities! which disgrace reason, and dishonor human nature. Let those who are bound by nature, or by choice, to watch over the education of females, above all things, be studious to form their minds to religion and virtue; and in the next place, to teach them, or cause them to be taught, such branches of learning, and to give them a predilection for such pursuits, as will render them happy in themselves; and not only agreeable, but also valuable members of society.

Could

Could the OLD WOMAN have the pleasure to think, that she was instrumental in bringing about such a desirable revolution, her last hours would be cheered with the reflection, and her labors in the service of her sex would be crowned with the best reward she craves.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

MY DEAR MADAM,

PERMIT me to offer my grateful acknowledgments, for the advice you so kindly afforded me relative to those books most suitable for the perusal of a young female. For some time I found it difficult to counteract the effects produced by novel-reading, nor could I at once divest myself of a propensity so long indulged; added to which, I had no friend to whom I could reveal my sentiments, or apply for assistance, in the undertaking; and the fear of exposing myself to ridicule, obliged me to confine to my own breast, the revolution that was passing within me. Sometimes I despaired of attaining the object I had in view; but the danger of longer persisting in error, occurred forcibly to my imagination, and induced me to persevere. Providence mercifully assisted my efforts for improvement, and enabled me, in a great degree, to overcome those pernicious effects ever attendant on improper reading. To *you*, my dear Madam, am I greatly indebted for my escape from the delusions of an infatuated imagination, and shall feel myself obliged by a continuance of your *friendly advice*. Having a taste for the study of botany, may I request (if not contrary to your plan) that you would recommend an easy introduction to that science, which may assist me in obtaining a proficiency.

Believe me, Madam,
Your sincerely obliged
MARIA FRIENDLESS.

LETTER

Sent to a Gentleman with a SEA GULL, *for the Purpose of running in his Garden.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE sent you per bearer a young person of the *Gull family*, understanding you to be in want of one, whose honesty and sobriety can be depended on, to superintend the birds, slugs, &c. in the garden. The person alluded to is of *high rank*, and, from the unfortunate explosion of a gun, is deprived of one of his arms, by which accident he is rendered incapable of earning his living in any other way, therefore is the more likely to suit, having nothing but his own industry, and good wishes to promote the interests of his benefactor, to depend on.

P. S. His living has been hard, seldom any thing so good as bread to eat, and never any thing stronger than water to drink, and that sometimes very salt.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

R. D.

January 17th, 1803.

THE CONSISTENT CONSCIENCE:

AN ANECDOTE.

A FEW years ago, a Neapolitan assassin, who had grown grey in murder, was, by some unforeseen accident, apprehended. He not only acknowledged the crime laid to his charge, but also many others. A monk, who was present, happened to say, that probably he had never confessed himself, or observed the discipline of the church. This reflection was too severe: he lost all patience; and thus addressed himself to the priest, with extreme indignation: 'Come, padre, mi sospettate dunque di non esser Christiano? *—What! father, do you suspect me then to be no Christian!'*

DE

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 13.]

CHAP. II.

Ah! what will not that woman do who loves?
What means will she refuse to keep that heart
Where all her joys are placed?

SAVAGE.

ON the following day the Baron's will was examined: it was by the peremptory command of Valeria, who suggested the idea, that it might contain some particular directions as to the manner of his interment. Bertha was too ill to attend minutely to the contents; but when the whole was perused, and she found herself left entirely dependent on the haughty Valeria, she shrieked with anguish, and was conveyed to her chamber in strong convulsions. Hope was entirely crushed, and she fully felt all the horrors of her situation. It was with difficulty she roused herself sufficiently to meet De Valcour at the appointed hour; and as she stole softly down the staircase, her own footsteps appalled her. Julian was ready at the usual signal: his loved presence dispelled her fears; and, after reaching her apartment in safety, they passed the first hours of the night in uninterrupted conversation. Bertha failed not to make known to her husband the unjust neglect of her father, deplored her own poverty, which now left her no prospect, but the success of his exertions; "and, alas!" added Bertha, "should I become a mother in your absence, what have I not to dread from the persecutions of the Baroness?" Julian vainly sought to calm her fears: he projected a thousand vague schemes for their future advantage, till at length, exhausted by the fatigue and cares of the two preceding

preceding days, and seized with an unusual stupor, he fell into a deep slumber on the couch beside the fire. Bertha gazed with tender emotion on his beloved features: her tears flowed fast, and wetted his cheek. The lamp emitted but feeble rays, which conspired, with the gloomy solemnity of the hour, to fill her with a variety of apprehensions, till, harrassed by watchfulness and afflicting thoughts, she yielded to the drowsiness which stole over her senses; and throwing her arm round Julian, she sunk to repose. Her eyes were scarcely closed to sleep, when a rustling noise near her caused her to start up, and, to her extreme terror, she found the lamp extinguished; but a gleam of light shot across the wainscot, and then disappeared. Bertha gazed fearfully around: she shook the arm of Julian; he was in a profound sleep, and a low murmur of, "Hush, Hush," sounded through the apartment. Bertha would have called aloud on De Valcour: but, before she could articulate a syllable, a hollow sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Can Bertha sleep in peace upon the bosom of a murderer?" A loud crash, as of distant thunder, succeeded, which awakened Julian; when the pallid cheeks, and quivering lips, of his wife, called his attention, and drew forth his tenderest endearments. In vain did he search for his unknown accuser. The morning began to dawn; Bertha, half dead with affright, entreated him to leave the castle. Julian unwillingly departed. "I will consult Father Ambrose," said he; "and to-morrow night I will endeavour to detect this midnight intruder. Fear not, my love; I will bring proper arms for my defence: this mystery must be cleared up before I leave you."

De Valcour failed not on the following night to keep his promise. He carefully secured every entrance, and placing his pistols on the table before them, anxiously awaited the slightest noise. To divert Bertha, who was almost sinking with terror, he drew from his pocket a volume of poems, and began to read to her.

She had become deeply interested in the fate of Prior's "Nut Brown Maid," when the turret-clock struck one. Her eye fearfully wandered round the room, but no unusual object was visible; and again she listened with attention to Julian. A noise, similar to the rattling of keys, gave them instantaneous alarm. Julian seized a pistol, and pointed it towards the door, when a violent creaking, in a distant part of the room, diverted his attention to the spot. The apartment was so large, that the solitary lamp burning on the table, scarcely illumined half of it, leaving the arched recesses in total obscurity. Julian would have proceeded to examine them, but Bertha, frantic with terror, clung to his cloak, and prevented his advancing. Soon, however, she relinquished her hold, when she beheld on the opposite pannel, written in letters of blood, encompassed by a blue flame, "*Bertha* shall know no Peace till *her* Hand has *slain* the *Murderer* of her *Father*." "God of Heaven! what can this horrible prediction mean?" exclaimed De Valcour. "Bertha! my wife! look up. Let the earth open, and entomb me; let the lightning of Heaven direct its misplaced vengeance on my devoted head, but do not thou believe me guilty." Bertha shuddered; her whole frame was convulsed; she pointed to the terrific spot; her lips moved, yet no sound proceeded, but her agonised groans. Julian laid her on the couch. He then took the lamp, and carefully inspected the pannel: the writing had vanished, but many traces of blood remained; and there was not the least appearance of door, or aperture, by which any human being could have entered, except that on which his eyes had been stedfastly fixed. He returned to his wife. "Bertha," said he, "this affair is still inexplicable. Some malicious fiend wishes to effect our ruin. I will return—" "Oh, no, no!" shrieked Bertha wildly: "you must never return. A father's curse attends me.—Fly, while yet my reason holds." "Fly you, Bertha, under this vile opprobrium!

brium! Oh, no; rather let thy hand now complete the work of fate. Had nought but poverty assailed us, these arms, unaided by ought but virtue, should have protected thee from every ill: we would have sought some retired spot, where cheerful industry would have supported us in love and confidence: but now, aspersed by some unknown calumniator, suspected by Bertha, life is valueless." He bent his knee before her; his air and accent were solemnly impressive, as he took her cold hand; and, after pressing it fervently to his bosom, placed within it a pistol. "Here," said he, "satisfy the enemy who persecutes me; annihilate the heart which has hitherto never throbbed with a passion that could disgrace it. But why do I meanly seek to plead my innocence? Bertha, be resolute; this is the hour when justice must triumph over every tender sentiment: the blood of a murdered father calls for vengeance!"—Bertha gazed on him with horror. The fire which flashed from his dark eyes betrayed his desperation; she dashed the pistol to the ground. "No, Julian, I cannot be thy executioner. Justice cannot be awarded by my hand. Fly, fly!" De Valcour rose with dignity: "O, cruel Bertha, you know that while life remains, I will not leave you. This hour must terminate my miseries:—this hand must execute the awful purpose of fate." He raised the pistol to his head, and would have fired. Bertha sunk upon her knees, exclaiming, "Power infinite, pardon my involuntary crime if I am guilty! Julian, whatever *were* my duties, I am now thy wife. I will go with thee from this hateful place; we are not safe within its walls. I will never, never leave thee." He received her in his arms, and they mingled tears of love and sorrow. "To-morrow night," said Bertha, "I will in disguise meet you at the hut in the wood. We will repair to my good old nurse at D—, where I shall find a safe asylum till some eligible plan occurs to us. I feel inspired with fresh confidence; let us now separate." Julian departed with reluctance, after insist-

ing on her taking some repose, and promising to consult the venerable Father Ambrose, who would be their best adviser. When De Valcour left her, Bertha secured the door, and passed an hour in fervent prayer; then, rather more tranquillized, sought that rest of which she stood so much in need.

The following day was appointed for the interment of the Baron; and, to the great surprise of Bertha and Valeria, Father Ambrose did not appear. Great rewards had been offered by the Baroness for the apprehension of the assassin, but no discovery had yet been made; and the *pious* Ambrose had in person visited several of the surrounding towns and villages, in the hope of gathering some satisfactory knowledge. On the morning of the day he left the abbey at an early hour, for the purpose of visiting a sick man, whose dwelling was at the distance of five miles, and was not expected till the vesper service, after which the funeral rites of the Baron were to be solemnized. Still Ambrose did not appear; and the holy brothers were filled with alarm. De Valcour found an opportunity of speaking to Bertha unobserved; he begged her to delay their departure another day, or at least till the return of Ambrose, for whom messengers were dispatched in every direction; but their conference was scarcely ended, when two of the laymen returned with horror in their looks, and displayed the hood and vestment of Father Ambrose, rent and stained with blood, which had been found in a deep pit near the high road; but all search after his body had been fruitless. That he had suffered a violent death, was probable, and the whole abbey was thrown into consternation. The ceremony of the Baron's funeral was, however, concluded; and the Baroness returned dismayed and afflicted to the castle. Her deportment towards Bertha was haughty and reserved: She reminded her of her dependent situation, and pompously assured her, that while she conducted herself as a dutiful child towards her, she should find

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her a liberal and indulgent mother. Bertha shrunk from her offers with unconcealed disgust; but respect to her father's memory sealed her lips from uttering the sentiments with which the conduct of Valerie inspired her, and she now determined to lose no time in quitting the inhospitable mansion, which she could no longer hope to call her own. She hastily secreted all her valuable jewels, the gift of her once indulgent father, and arrayed herself in a habit of Julian's, he wore when he first declared his love to her. He was then sixteen, caressed by all, beloved by her father, and to her the first, the only object of affection. Her faithful Rosa was her confidant and assistant; and but for her kind attentions, Bertha would have sunk beneath her emotions. A few select articles of dress Bertha desired Rosa to send to her the first opportunity; the rest she was to appropriate to her own use. She then took an affectionate leave of her long-valued domestic, and bade a sad adieu to the scene of her earliest joys, her severest calamities; and, with an aching heart, and faltering step, hastened to meet De Valcour at the hut in the wood.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSCIOUS PRINCE AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Casimir was Prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill fortune, struck the Prince a blow on the ear. He fled immediately; but being pursued, and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimir determined otherwise. "I am not surprised," said he, "at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on Fortune, it is no wonder he should attack her favorite." The money was returned; the sentence revoked; and the King declared himself faulty, by encouraging a practice that might ruin hundreds.

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

PACKET II.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR *Dec.* 27, 1802.

I AGAIN venture to transmit to you some of the intercepted correspondence, the first packet of which you did me the honor to publish, and I hope my selection will continue to meet your approbation.

KITTY PRY.

LETTER II.

TO MISS E. MELLISH.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Your last letter calls for an immediate reply. You tell me, that, by refusing my hand to Sir Edward Willmot, "I am unmindful of your interest, and my own happiness." This reproach, Emma, would appear like selfishness, did I not know your heart, and how poignantly you have felt distress at being unable to assist me in the support of our aged parents. Reduced as we are by misfortunes, still rather shall my family be sustained by the scanty produce of my laborious exertions, than I take a base advantage of the generous and noble-minded Willmot. You say, you are too young to share my confidence: in that you are mistaken: your youth now makes the secret history of my life an important lesson, and to your discretion will I trust my tale of sorrow. At fifteen, the fond indulgence of my parents left me with little controul on my actions. My person was pleasing, and my education was such as befitted me for what is called *good company*. In *good company* I first met Mr. Danvers: he professed to admire me; but I had no fortune, and he was dependant on avaricious relations. He was formed to captivate, and I gave him my inexperienced heart. He had constant access to me as an acknowledged lover, and, Oh, my sister! confusion dyes my cheek, when I tell

I tell you the consequence was my dishonor! And here, Emma, let me caution you, when even on the verge of marriage, sedulously to avoid those *familiarities* which a pure heart may think innocent, and which fond confidence may seem to justify. To this I owe *my ruin*: yet my mind was too virtuous to yield to infamy, though villainy for a moment triumphed over unguarded affection. Judge of my anguish, when all my remaining hopes where crushed by the base desertion of my seducer. I might have branded him with infamy, have *compelled* him to do me justice; but delicacy must ever shrink from the publicity of the reparation which law affords, however popular advantage may require the exposure of such baseness. Danvers left me; and from the hour I refused an illicit acquaintance with him, I saw him no more. Need I say how full of tenderness my heart yet remained, or how fondly I anticipated the hour when he would return, and make me his wife? That hour never arrived: his death left me no more to hope. What my sufferings then were no language can describe; but, by the most severe struggles, I was enabled to preserve my secret from all the world. Your juvenile caresses by degrees soothed my grief; and the exertions I have been called upon to make, have been effectual in eradicating one sad impression from my mind, when, as if to punish me for not having sufficiently repented my crime, heaven has visited me with a fresh calamity. Sir Edward Willmot has solicited my hand, and my fond father has joyfully acceded to his wish. Now, indeed, the weight of my guilt oppresses me. For worlds I would not deceive him; and by refusing his splendid offer, I must appear weak, capricious, and unjust. *Affluence*, *honor*, and *felicity*, might have been mine; but, for one early indiscretion, now I am surrounded by *shame*, *despair*, and *misery*. From domestic peace I am *eternally* excluded; for were any man willing to marry me, knowing my situation, I must refuse him. One word of reproach (and that word might one day escape) would overwhelm me. I must abjure the world, yet my conduct shall defy censure; and I will at least deserve to be happy; it is all I have now left. Comfort my father and mother, Emma; and beware—

Ah,

Ah, beware thus early of the snare in which I was caught: for believe me, my sister, there is no evil like the loss of chastity. Its effects, like subtle poison, though not immediately perceived, must sooner or later be felt. Romantic sophistry may serve to veil its baneful consequences beneath the alluring garb of *sentiment*; but in real life, my Emma, few there are who do not fall miserable victims to their credulity: even under the most favorable circumstances, life without it, to a woman of sense and feeling, must be valueless. Ever may you, my beloved sister, fully appreciate its importance, and avoid the fate of your affectionate, but unhappy,

JULIA MELLISH."

LETTER III.

To FRANCIS POWEL, ESQ.

WORTHY FRANK,

You are going to London, you say, to get a wife: be it so; but as a veteran Benedict, I think it my duty to advise you. In the first place, my dear fellow, shun an accomplished woman; for, trust me, if she has not the mine of Crœsus, you will find she has the box of Pandora. Hear the story of my sojourn in London, and judge. My friend Jack Littleworth and I repaired to the house of my old uncle Meredith, by whom we were cordially received. Jack was to study the law, and I sought an engagement in a commercial house of eminence. To accommodate me, Littleworth was allowed to lodge with me at my uncle's, who had two daughters. The eldest was reckoned a beauty; the other, passing well. We were both personable young men. It is very true, Sir; though you are now pleased to nod, and wink, and point at my flapped waistcoat, gouty shoes, brown wig, and spectacles. Then, Sir, I was a likely fellow of two-and-twenty; in the fashion of the times, with head, heart, and heels, as light as my pockets; and troth they were light enough. Well! Miss Malasina scarcely knew at which to set her cap, (for modest women *wore caps* then;) but my friend soon carried the prize, as you shall hear. Miss Melasina

Malasina was highly accomplished; that is, she played on the harpsichord like a professor; sung like a Billington; danced like a Parrisot; chattered French, Italian, and Spanish, like a parrot; painted every thing, (but her own face;) read Rosseau, Addison, and Voltaire; and worked embroidery beautifully when she *had time*. But it very seldom happened that she had time; for what with the morning's study, and the evening's display, her very portion of rest was abridged. I one day asked my uncle, why my youngest cousin, Stella, had no pains taken with her education. "You are wrong, boy," said he: "she has had masters in every branch; but she has no talents, no taste. It is a pity too, poor thing; for as she is not handsome, it would get her off." In the evening I looked at Stella; her face was well enough; her person not amiss; her cloaths fashionable, and well put on. We had company in the course of the night. I asked her to favor us with an air: she blushed, and apologised, by saying, "her sister was always charitable enough to spare her ignorance from exposure, by amusing their friends." The father nodded; and Melasina sat down to the instrument, while I leaned on Stella's chair, affecting to listen; but, in reality, watching the rapid movement of her fingers as she was netting an elegant purse of scarlet and gold. "Those fingers would look well between the strings of a harp," said I: "leave that foolish purse, and play to us." She smiled. "No, no, these silken strings suit my fingers best. Besides, my sister will want her card-purse to-morrow night." "She can make it herself then," said I pettishly. "She has not time," said Stella, innocently. "What a noise you are making there!" cried Melasina, pettishly. "Stella, you know this is my favorite concertante." Stella apologised. Littleworth was in raptures; but I resolved to enjoy my tete-a tete; and from that hour I loved her unassuming worth. In compliance with my entreaties, she sung "Hope told a flattering tale." Her voice was bewitching. Some exquisite cakes were handed round. My uncle asked Melasina if she made them. "La, no, Papa; you know I have no time for such things. Stella made them." I had a severe cold; for which hot elder wine was prescribed. There was some of Stella's making,

and

and I thanked heaven that *she had time* to cultivate all those talents which contribute to the comforts and conveniencies of life. Further I wished not for; and I married her. My friend, too, obtained the hand of the all-accomplished Melasina. His eyes and ears were delighted; and he was too proud of her to bury her in obscurity: the world must see his treasure. A fine house was taken; fine cloaths bought; company invited; every new musical publication purchased; instruments changed, and repaired; valuable prints procured for Mrs. Littleworth to copy; expensive materials for fancy works collected, to which Melasina would, when she *had time*, sit down with her white hands muffled in soft gloves, and her finger-tops cased in oil-skin, least a mark of a nasty needle should unfit them for the evening's exhibition. These, and such foolish extravagancies, in a few years brought my friend to the brink of ruin. He finds he has got a puppet instead of a wife, and too late regrets his infatuation. The FRIENDS who once eagerly flocked to the *sweet house* of the *charming* Mrs Littleworth, can no longer visit the *proud dawdle*, who *lodges up stairs*, and has two dirty untaught brats to annoy them. Such *friends* may fly, and not be missed, if there is domestic comfort at home; but eternal bickerings have taken place of endearments. Littleworth has applied to the bottle for solace; and they subsist chiefly on the bounty of my uncle, who gives, though grudgingly, his mite to assist them. From this picture turn your eyes to a more satisfactory one. Stella possessed no brilliant talents; sense, gentleness, and modesty, were ample equivalents. By her excellent management, my affairs were conducted with regularity and oeconomy: we revelled not in luxury, but we had always good cheer, and a hearty welcome for our friends. During my morning hours of business, my wife arranged her household concerns; and at dinner she always met me, well dressed, serene, and happy at my return. She studied my taste and interest, even in the furnishing of our table. In the afternoon, if we had no party, she worked while I read; and our evenings were generally occupied in amusements pleasing in themselves, and easily obtained: a rural walk in the summer, or a chear-

ful

ful game in the winter, were our favorite pleasures. When we had a family, the ornamental talents of my wife were displayed: she invented games of instruction for them; painted flowers to instruct them in botany; and various pieces of tasteful ingenuity were the rewards of juvenile emulation. We were their preceptors, and formed their minds to our fond wishes. The good temper, and well-bred manner, of my wife, soon endeared her to all her neighbours; and, to her honor be it spoken, she has been enabled, by her own economy, frequently to administer to the wants of her sister, without retaining her bounty from those who are more worthy; while her mild counsel, and prudent admonitions, have withheld the weak Melasina from greater errors. Thus, my friend, have fifty years glided away in love and happiness. May you be equally fortunate; and, by just and timely discrimination, obtain equal felicity with your faithful friend,

TIMOTHY HOMESPUN.

NATIONAL SUPERSTITION,

Instanced in the remarkable Story of two VENETIANS.

AT Genoa, two Venetians, whose countrymen and the Genoese still keep up that inveterate hatred to each other which distinguished their ancestors, were present at an osteria, or wine house, where the conversation of the company arose, not as it would in England, on politics and pleasure, but on the merits of St. John, the protector of Genoa, who, it was asserted, had worked innumerable miracles, and was the greatest of all saints. If nature be so much the parent of patriotism, as to create in us an affection for those minuter objects in our native land, which the citizen of the world would regard with an eye of indifference, how much more powerfully must she operate on our passions, when we remember that on which the prosperity of our country is supposed to depend? The two Venetians were precisely in this predicament. They probably knew as little

of St. John, as they did of St. Dennis; but St. Mark was the guardian of Venice, and consequently their all in all. Resolved, therefore, to maintain his honor in opposition to this provoking eulogium of the Genoese on their patron, one of them observed, that the bones of his saint had worked more miracles, particularly in healing diseases, than all the apostles and saints; that in heaven he was next in rank to the Virgin and popes; and as much superior to their St. John, as the patriarch of Venice was to the archbishop of Genoa. To prevent any reply to this, he and his friend left the room; but were soon followed by one of the company, who had the honor of bearing the great cross of a religious order in their church professions. This desperate enthusiast, on overtaking, stabbed the Venetian, who had spoken, to the heart; crying out with the blow, Timanda questo San Giovanne che ti gurlano le osse di San Marco. 'St. John sends thee this, that the bones of St. Mark may heal thee.' His friend, astonished at a deed so bloody, (though an Italian,) applied to a magistrate for justice, who, having heard the particulars, told him, that had a Venetian murdered a Genoese in Venice, no notice would have been taken of it; but that his complaint would probably be considered in a few days; and so indeed it was, even sooner than he had promised; for early the next morning he too was found assassinated at the door of his lodgings!

ANECDOTE OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

DURING the building of St. Paul's Church, a country carpenter applied to the overseer of the workmen for employment as a carver. The overseer smiled at the man's temerity, hearing he had never worked in London. It was observed by Sir Christopher, who was present; who calling the man to him, asked him what he had chiefly worked at in the country? 'Pig troughs, &c.' was his answer. 'Well, then,' says Sir Christopher, 'let us see a specimen of your workmanship in a sow and pigs.' The man returned in a few days, having performed his part with such exquisite skill, that he was immediately employed; and, in fine, executed some of the most difficult parts in the cathedral!

FALSE

FALSE DELICACIES:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from Page 41.]

The Scene lies in Celia's Country House.

ACT I. SCENE III.

The CHEVALIER, *(alone.)*

I DO not return to the attack again. With wit and reason to join so many extravagancies! for what other name can you give to all these vain subtleties? In what a devil of a predicament have I placed myself!—Well, all I have to do is to depart: nothing detains me: I have satisfied friendship more than I ought. Be it so; I will be gone, that is decided. What shall I do here? This Lucinda—Neither will I see her; this will pique her when she knows how little I cared for her. Let me depart.—[*He makes some steps to go.* LUCINDA *comes in on the other side, and they find themselves the one opposite the other. At the end of this scene the* MARQUIS *appears at the bottom of the theatre, and seeing* LUCINDA *and the* CHEVALIER *together, retires with signs of impatience.*]

SCENE IV.

The CHEVALIER *and* LUCINDA.

Chevalier. Madam, you surprise me; is that you?

Lucinda. I sought Celia: they told me she was here.

Chevalier. I am very happy you thought so.

Lucinda. (In a haughty tone.) Time has not changed you: you are always so gallant—

Chevalier. Pardon me, Madam, time has greatly altered me.

Lucinda. Is it not making you a compliment, and, above all, to your friends?

Chevalier. May I then hope that you are of the number?

Lucinda. You have so well deserved it.

Chevalier. Is it a reproach?

Lucinda. We reproach those we love, and—

Chevalier. Do not finish, I guess your thought.

Lucinda. You are so penetrating!

Chevalier. I was not always so.

Lucinda. Is it possible?

Chevalier. Formerly I believed simply in appearances. I have long been the dupe of my credulity, and I ought to regret it, because with it I lost the happiness of my life; but the veil at last is removed, and the illusion is destroyed for ever.

Lucinda. I give you joy. But, apropos; why do you relate all this to me?

Chevalier. I do not know; it is a moment of confidence from which I could not withhold myself.

Lucinda. This confidence is very flattering, and I am sensible of the value of it. I am not ungrateful, and I do justice to the sentiments you entertain of me.

Chevalier. Time has then changed you also.

Lucinda. No, I am always the same. But allow me to leave you; I must absolutely find Celia.

Chevalier. Adieu, Madam. Have you no commissions to Paris?

Lucinda. How—are you going?

Chevalier. Yes, Madam, this instant.

Lucinda. This instant: that is very soon indeed.

Chevalier. Perhaps I have already staid too long.

Lucinda. You must have a lively impatience to leave us so soon.

Chevalier.

Chevalier. I have just reasons.

Lucinda. It would be indiscreet to ask them of you.

Chevalier. You could not guess them.

Lucinda. O no. *(Aside.)* I think, however, I understand them.

Chevalier. I am not surprised at it: you have never loved, and you know not the rigors of absence.

Lucinda, (aside.) Even so, what would he say?—[*Aloud.*] Very well, Sir.

Chevalier. And I, Madam, feel all the pains of it.

Lucinda. (Apart.) How great was my mistake!—[*Aloud.*] Depart, then, without delay. But first of all tell me, I pray, why you accuse me of never having loved; I would fain know the reason why you think so.

Chevalier. It is true I am wrong; and the proof I thought I had of it—This proof I feel is good for nothing.

Lucinda. What vanity often calls a proof, is none. The proof, say you?—This expression is pleasant enough, you must acknowledge. It is pleasant to say to oneself, I have not succeeded; but from hence I have also the proof that no other can at least flatter himself with success. This idea includes an opinion of itself, worthy of being preserved. Keep it always: it is a comfortable receipt for the trifling disgraces you may feel.

Chevalier. I understand you, Madam; I understand you wonderfully well. Yes, the heart, like the mind, has its caprices: it accepts, and refuses, without reason; and to a resistance the more severe and unjust, often succeeds a choice the most prompt and unaccountable.

Lucinda. I admire the resources of your self-love, and the ingenious turns you know how to give to things that may wound it. You have great abilities for the age in which we live, and you will become the hero of it; at least you ought to be so.

Chevalier. I know good manners, Madam, and place bounds to my ambition. There are conquests to which I no longer aspire; for instance, I have absolutely renounced the chimerical glory of seducing and touching the heart of a coquet. I am sensible how brilliant this triumph would be; but I seek one more sure and tender; that of governing a heart, simple, and without art; a heart, sensible and grateful; a heart, in short, that knows how to love.

Lucinda. You amuse me infinitely; and I am almost sorry that you depart so soon.

Chevalier. Your regret charms me. It is doubtless a hard task to leave you; nevertheless, I do think myself capable of making so sublime an effort.

Lucinda. Irony less becomes you than anger and despite; you are always very polite; but vexation really becomes you best.

Chevalier. Me, Madam?—Do you conceive I am angry? The idea is charming! Do you really think so?

Lucinda. Most assuredly I do; and can you not perceive that for this hour past I have been diverting myself with it?

Chevalier. If so, I declare to you, it is *an error* that amuses you.

Lucinda. Do I not see you almost in a passion? Men's self-love is a strange thing! Adieu, Chevalier. I am obliged to you for a charming scene; you are more amiable than ever; and truly a very agreeable companion for a rencounter. [*Exit Lucinda.*

SCENE V.

CHEVALIER, (*alone.*)

I am petrified. What pride! what presumption! She has well nigh gone so far as to inspire me with the desire to humble and avenge myself of her.—Alas! I had no idea of it before; and my first sensation in seeing her, was a lively sentiment of pleasure and interest: and see how she treats me!—She has sought

for

for every thought that would vex me—I am outrageous—All my ideas are in commotion; I know not even where I am—I must be gone: yes, I must—I would see her again, to tell her all my thoughts.—To see her again!—No, no, let me force myself from hence. [*He is going, when the* MARQUIS *arrives, and stops him.*]

SCENE. VI.

The MARQUIS *and the* CHEVALIER.

Marquis. At last Lucinda is gone. Well, my dear Chevalier, what has Celia said to you? What is the result of your conversation? Have you overcome her delicacy! Tell me, I pray you, what am I to hope?

Chevalier. (With great absence.) Celia loves you: yes, you are loved. But she requires, she will—she has charged me to tell you so.

Marquis. Speak not so mysteriously: say, have you bad news for me? thy embarrassed, thoughtful air makes me fear it; pray explain thyself.

Chevalier, (turning towards him.) Every thing, in fact, I see here, appears to me so singular and ridiculous, that I am inclined to think it is a dream. What am I to tell you? Celia loves you, but she has insurmountable fears; she is affected with your love; she is sensible of your passion; and she enjoins you not to speak of it to her for the space of eight days, to restrict yourself during that time to the simple attentions of friendship. All this, my friend, proceeds from a woman, from disguised coquetry; for such are they all. To torment, distress, and make ourselves uneasy, would be unwise. Such conduct amounts only to those disguised delicacies of which we are so often the dupes. I know women well.—But I have executed your commission; and have acquitted myself of Celia's.—Adieu, Marquis; may you, if it is possible, be happy. I have but one advice to give you; which is, to follow so exactly the order of your mistress, the rules

not one word of love escape you during the eight days prescribed you: you will then see, my friend, how self-love and despite will reclaim her.

Marquis. You do not know her. No, Celia is no coquet: but I will follow your advice: my apparent coldness will, perhaps, make her feel that she loves me more than she imagines, or hopes for: and thou, my dear Chevalier, accord to friendship for only two days longer, I intreat you.

Chevalier, (impetuously.) Who, I? No, I will depart to day; and I am really much concerned to refuse you. I can be of no service to you, and I am not satisfied here with myself by any means.

Marquis. I acknowledge to you I do not well understand your reasons.

Chevalier. These two women are insupportable to me. You, Marquis, see every thing favorable: sensibility, frankness, delicacy; these are the chimeras which seduce you; and I falsity, artifice, and coquetry; these, my friend, are the realities which shock and revolt me.

Marquis. You speak with warmth, and action.—I cannot help laughing at such species of anger.

Chevalier. That, truly, is pleasant. But seriously, I am going to give orders for my departure.

Marquis. Hear then, Chevalier. I have a thousand questions to ask you concerning your conversation with Celia.

Chevalier. Well then, let me answer them while they are putting my horses to my carriage. [*Exit both.*]

(To be continued.)

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THE

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

NO. IV.

ON DEATH.

Who will not mourn for Lycidas?

DAILY experience must convince the thoughtless as well as the serious observers among men, this awful lesson; that it is appointed unto all men once to die. This best nurse of wisdom must assure them too, in the most unequivocal terms, that death is neither a respecter of persons, nor observant of the distinctions which rank, wealth and titles create in the world. He is impartial in his attack; he is certain of conquest. In short, we cannot, with any degree of seriousness, deliberate upon this awful subject, without immediately allowing, that the unerring archer so frequently summons men from the theatre of existence at an unexpected hour, that it surely behoves us all to be intent upon this important theme, and carry with us the unceasing contemplation of it through all the changes and eventful circumstances of life. Since, then, we are compelled to acknowledge that this world is transitory in its nature, and merely preparatory to a never-ending existence in another, there cannot be any consideration more weighty, or in which our dearest interests are so deeply engaged, as that of the alarming moment when we are to close our eyes upon all temporal prospects, and our souls be wafted to that country from "whose bourne no traveller has returned."

Reflections upon death must, to an imperfect creature, (who is to be rewarded or punished according to the line of conduct he pursues in this world,) at all times be tremendously awful; but the man who has endeavoured with zeal to act up to the sacred rules

of

of the gospel, who has looked to the cross of his ever blessed Redeemer, who has visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and kept himself unspotted from the world, will find a soothing tranquillity, and pensive sympathy, in such reflections; he will find them eminently fraught with religious instruction. When he reflects upon the uncertainty of life, and that the hour of dissolution is fast approaching, nay, may be at hand, he will become solicitous to make the most of the present hour, and by unwearied attention to the duties of religion, to gain the approbation of his Almighty Creator; and thus, through his mercy, and the intercession of the Son of man, obtain an undefiled inheritance in the mansions of eternal bliss, before the night cometh when no man can work. These thoughts are well calculated to preserve us in the hours of trial and temptation; for if we think upon death, we surely *shall not dare* to entertain iniquity in our hearts. We know happiness in another world, is only to be obtained by practising religion and Christian charity in this; therefore, in the hour of adversity, the good man will stedfastly look for his quick-approaching and final change, when he shall be blessed for ever and ever. Behold the horrors of the sinner's death-bed! A timely consideration of this irrevocable event, would have prevented all his present wretchedness, and ensured him everlasting felicity.

If our prospects extended no further than the grave; if, after the last convulsive pang, and the bitterness of death, were past, body and soul were consigned together to dust; then, indeed, our situation would be wretched beyond the power of words to describe: but, thanks be to heaven, revelation from on high hath discovered to us a resting-place, a safe shelter from the storm: it has presented to us the joyful hope of immortality, and pointed out the only means whereby the invaluable treasure is to be obtained: it has shewn us the insufficiency of all earthly possessions, and

the transitory nature of every human pursuit: it has directed us to be ever abounding in the work of the Lord, diligent and unwearied in benevolence, patient and contented in disappointment, watchful and persevering in the cause of religion and virtue.

Death makes no distinctions; he levels his dart indiscriminately: he attacks some, who for a few moments are permitted to stay, in the progress of their fleeting journey: they just behold, and are suddenly cut off from the face of the earth, like the tender plant immaturely shooting forth its bud. Others are allowed to enjoy a longer season; they grow up in childhood, and are advancing in their youth, when, alas! they too fall asleep. Others, again, having passed through the ordeal of infancy, arrive at manhood; but their foundation is unstable, and the man is sent down to the grave. The middle-aged and the old, likewise, go to the abode of their fathers, and are no more seen. At present I shall confine myself to the ravages the great leveller makes in the morn of life, in the spring season of our days. When the flower is just blooming into perfection, how often does the last triumphant enemy blast all its opening prospects! When the youth in health and vigor is promising himself "years to come of comfort," and with anxious, yet trembling, hope, forming plans for futurity, how often does the cold hand of death arrest his progress, and consign him to the gloomy mansions of the tomb! The earth is the common receptacle both of the rich and poor, the old and young; and let our situations in life be what they may, we are all hastening to the destined goal. Before the year we are now entering upon shall have performed its wonted revolution, some of us shall have given up all the busy employments of this world, and commenced our voyage to the never-ending regions of eternity.

These reflections have been occasioned by the unexpected dissolution of my much-lamented friend

Lycidas.

Lycidas. A malignant fever attacked him when he apparently was in the enjoyment of perfect health; and he who so lately flourished in the prime of health and vigor, was a few days ago consigned to the dark recesses of the grave. Every exertion to ward off the inevitable stroke proved vain.

Lycidas, at a very early age, was deprived of his father, and was brought up by an amiable mother, a pattern of female excellence. The principles of the Christian religion were inculcated in his susceptible mind with the most studious care; he was, therefore, in his pilgrimage, prepared to meet with difficulties and dangers, which his strict exemplary piety enabled him to struggle with and surmount. He was, *in truth*, possessed of every youthful virtue; exalted above the *vain fopperies* of life; yet, at the same time, humble, benevolent, and humane; and so deeply were his thoughts engaged in his religious studies, that, at the interesting age of eighteen, he was eminently endowed with Christian graces; and with that serenity, and self-applauding satisfaction, which can alone spring from keeping ourselves unspotted from the world,

> "Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
> "His sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
> "Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
> "He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

At the early age, then, of eighteen, when his friends were flattering themselves their fondest hopes were about to be realized, beloved and respected by the wise and virtuous, was he attacked by a disease which quickly closed his earthly career. He was perfectly aware of his situation, and supported himself under his sufferings, with patient resignation, and unshaken confidence. I attended him unremittingly during his short, but dreadful, affliction. On the third day his physician entertained some hopes: he was able to converse with composure upon religious subjects; our discourse

discourse chiefly turned upon the joys awaiting the virtuous: his observations were very impressive; and almost the last words he spoke, contained such a faithful representation of his own situation, that I shall never forget them. I consider them as the legacy of a dear friend, and will cherish them "in the book and volume of my brain" while life itself shall last. "Believe me, my dear Edwin," said he, "it is religion alone which can give comfort and composure in the trying hours of sickness or mental adversity. For myself, though at this very moment I perceive the speedy approach of that crisis which I am confident will bring me to the grave, yet I feel that peace here (placing his hand upon his bosom) which will, I trust, enable me to meet death with the composure of a Christian. Be virtuous; be not conformed to this world," added he, in a faultering accent.—"But I go—Edwin, farewell for ever—We shall e'er long meet again.—Adieu!—Adieu."—After thus speaking in the most pathetic manner man ever spoke, he fell senseless on his pillow, and remained in this state about half an hour; when suddenly he called out, in a feeble, yet animated, voice, "I'll follow—Lead on; lead on." I instantly asked him to whom he spoke. He answered me in a quick, faultering accent, "Angels—Angels—" Immediately after this exertion, he heaved a deep sigh, and his spirit was wafted to the mansions of eternity.

He was the most amiable friend, and agreeable companion, I ever knew. Never will the remembrance of his exemplary piety and benevolence be erased from my mind. How often have we enjoyed the winter's evening, the summer's walk, together, and looked through Nature up to Nature's God! But 'tis enough: Lycidas never swerved from the pleasing paths of truth; he lived with a perpetual view to a future life, and has now entered upon the enjoyment of everlasting peace. His disconsolate relatives bear their heavy affliction with Christian resignation to their Father's will; the violence

violence of the storm has subsided; and though dejected, they neither repine nor despond; but look forward, with animating hopes, to the moment of reunion in another and better world.

We may, from serious deliberations upon the untimely death of Lycidas, learn this important lesson, that neither youth nor age are exempt from the final doom, but that all alike are mortal. We shall become convinced of the uncertainty of all human things, and the absolute necessity of redeeming our time, and of committing our souls with serenity to the will of our heavenly Parent; and by so doing, find that a life of holiness is the only fit preparation for death. When only a few sands remain in our glass, the reflection of a well-spent life will give that cheerful resignation and patience, which so divinely supported the happy Lycidas; and, at the final day of retribution, our virtuous course will be rewarded by an entrance into those mansions of inconceivable felicity, where the spirits of the just made perfect, are ever in the presence of their Father and their God.

Let us, then, my Christian readers, accustom ourselves to dwell upon this affecting theme, fully assured that all things will finally work together for our good. Let us anxiously aspire after eternal glory, always remembering the uncertainty of our present state of existence. Thus shall we be enabled to support ourselves under all the calamities of life; pass through it contented and resigned, and meet death in sure hopes of having fought the good fight, and finished our faith. Well, therefore, may it be said, "Religion has pleasures, which none but the real Christian can enjoy; consolations, which none but the real Christian can partake of; and a crown of glory promised to His faithful followers after death, which none but the real Christian can have a title to or wear."

G. B.

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

THOUGH it is some time since I intruded upon the attention of my young readers, yet I cannot avoid introducing myself at this peculiar period of the year; not merely for the purpose of offering the customary civilities, but to remind them that Time is just beginning another annual revolution round our sphere. That many unexpected changes have occurred during his *last year's progress*, the most unobserving amongst my readers must certainly allow; and those who are accustomed to mark his devious motion, will naturally expect that *this* will produce some change. Those whose prospects are now illumined by the *lamp of prosperity*, ought to recollect, that the *hand of adversity* may *extinguish the flame;* and that though their present paths are strewed with roses, before another annual revolution, they may be overspread with thorns!

Those who are bowed down by the hand of adversity, ought to place their reliance upon that Being who can alone enable them to rise; and, instead of repining under the load of affliction, look forward to those blessings which are promised them in the skies! Those who are separated from the object of their affection by the hand of *necessity*, or the power of *caprice*, may find consolation in the soothing reflection, that *restriction* extends not its influence to the *grave;* but that when they have burst the frail bonds of mortality, the amaranthine ties of friendship will sweetly be renewed. Those who labour under the *severest* of all *sorrows*, and find their bosoms pierced by the hand of a *friend*, will find some comfort in recollecting, that the pang occasioned by *unfaithfulness* is healed by the power of Death; and that in the realms of everlasting felicity, all is affection, harmony, and peace! Those tender ties which the King of Terrors severs, and those soft connexions which he destroys, with the completest unconcern, may be supported with fortitude, by recollecting, that Death aims his piercing arrows at the Omnipotent's com-

mand; and that in a few fleeting years, they will join the object of their affection, and never endure the pang of separation again.

"How many things have occurred," says Dr. Blair, in his excellent sermon preached at the commencement of a new year, "of which we had not the slightest expectation! Some, perhaps, have succeeded beyond our hopes; but many, most likely, have befallen us contrary to our wish. How often were each of us admonished, that there are secret wheels, which, unseen by us, bring about the revolutions in human affairs; and that, while man was devising his way, Providence was directing the event! That scene is now closed; the tale of the last year has been told; and we look forward to that which is beginning, although the perspective is concealed from our view. We are entering on an untried, undiscovered country, where, as each succeeding month comes forward, new scenes may be introduced. We may possibly be going to form new connections; and our old ones the hand of death may dissolve; for the prospect before us is full of awful uncertainty! Life and death, prosperity and adversity, health and sickness, joy and sorrow, lie in one undistinguished mass, concealed from our eye by obscurity's impenetrable veil."

Though this complete uncertainty, as to the *future*, ought at all times to produce a general effect upon our conduct, yet it is peculiarly striking at the commencement of a *new year*, when the reflecting mind naturally takes a retrospect of the many vicissitudes and changes it has seen. To many of us, alas! the view may be painful; yet will produce a salutary effect upon the mind; like visiting the dead bodies of deceased relations, which Mr. Brydone, the elegant tourist, has described, and which I shall transcribe for the entertainment of my readers, who may not have perused the original work; prefacing it with an anecdote related by him of a lady at Bologna, who died in the very zenith of her charms.

"At Bologna they shewed us the skeleton of a celebrated beauty, who died at a period of life when she was the object of universal admiration with the one sex, and desire of the other; and who having been extremely

vain

vain of her attractions, ordered her body to be dissected, by way of curbing that passion in her sex. This anecdote was brought to my recollection, by a visit we have just made to the convent of Capuchins, situated about a mile from Palermo, where I beheld one of the greatest curiosities I ever recollect having seen. This is a vast subterraneous apartment, divided into commodious galleries, the walls on each side of which are hollowed into a variety of niches, as if intended for a collection of statues. These niches, instead of being filled with statues, are occupied by the bodies of the dead, standing upright, and fixed by the back, by a contrivance made in the wall. Their number amounts to about three hundred, all dressed in the same cloaths they were accustomed to wear: and it is difficult to describe the sensations which this venerable assembly produced. The skin and muscles, by a certain preparation, become perfectly dry and hard; but though many of them had been upwards of two hundred and fifty years in that dreary mansion, yet there was a complete covering over the bones. Here the people of Palermo pay daily visits to their deceased relations. Here the attached heart renews an intercourse with its friend. Here they familiarize themselves with a state of futurity, and spend many hours together in the society of the dead.

"The bodies of princes, and those of the first nobility, are lodged in handsome chests, or trunks, richly adorned; not made in the form of a coffin, but all the way of the same width. Of these receptacles for departed greatness, the nearest relations all have a key, for the purpose of paying them frequent visits, and renewing that intercourse to which death has put a stop.

"I am not sure if this is not a better method of disposing of the dead, than that which we adopt: at any rate, such visits must prove an admirable lesson of humility, and they certainly are not such objects of terror as you might naturally suppose. They are said even for ages to retain a strong resemblance to what they were, before Death transfixed them with his rod; therefore, when once the first sensation they excite is conquered, we may view them as a

gallery of original portraits drawn by the unprejudiced hand. It must be allowed, that the colors are rather faded; but they certainly have been drawn by the pencil of Truth."

The retrospect of departed years ought to make an impression somewhat similar to that of the view of departed friend; for they may be considered as beacons to forewarn us of our *mortality*, and a kind guardian to caution us against the waste of Time. The *present moments* only are those on which we can place reliance, as the *future* we none of us know that we shall be permitted to possess; for the most youthful of my readers, before they have made their diurnal circuit, may, in the height of their enjoyments, receive a summons from the hand of Death! How necessary then is it that they should be prepared for that awful period, which neither the herculean or the healthy can avoid, by fulfilling those duties which religion enjoins them! as the best preparation for *death*, is a *well-spent life*.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

THOUGH it has often been said, that *softness* and *sensibility* are characteristic qualifications which the ladies possess in a peculiar degree, yet I cannot help thinking, there are some amongst the number who totally mistake the situation for which they were designed; and so entirely reverse the *order of Nature*, that I often am longing to set the sweet creatures right.

About six weeks ago, I received an invitation to pass a month in the country with a friend whom I had not seen since I had left school, and who, though brought up to the church, had very little chance of preferment, had it not been for the interest of his wife. The lady was the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune, who literally

supported

supported the *character* of a true *Country Squire;* for, during the hunting season, he was never in bed after four o'clock in the morning; and was generally supported to his chamber completely drunk every night. Next to his favorites, the dogs and horses, I believe he certainly loved his child; and to prove his regard, insisted upon her being christened *Juno*, to evince his affection for the memory of a deceased hound. As soon as Miss Juno had obtained the complete management of her pedestals, or, in other words, could follow her father about the house, a small Shetland pony was purchased for her, and she was fastened upon her saddle by the contrivance of straps.

As children have a natural aversion to confinement, and are particularly gratified by being in the air, the young lady of course became very fond of her father's society, and would scream for two or three hours if he left her at home. *Riding* was not the only accomplishment she was mistress of; before she had attained the age of five years, she could d—n the grooms, give the huntsman's halloo, and sing a dozen different sporting songs. Though her mother had but a trivial command over her person, yet this slight advantage she lost in her tenth year; and from that moment every kind of feminine occupation was given up for the superior pleasure of *horses* and *hounds*.

When this young lady was about nineteen, my friend happened to be appointed curate of the parish in which her father lived; and being fond of rural sports, and an excellent horseman, he received a general invitation to the house. As his income was confined, this hospitable invitation was at once both pleasant and convenient for him to accept; and though Miss Juno was the last person he would have selected for a life companion, he could not help feeling flattered by the various proofs he received of her regard. About two years after his introduction into the family, some trifling dispute occurred between the rector and himself, in consequence of which, he gave up the curacy, and applied for a chaplaincy on board one of his Majesty's ships.

The moment this horse heroine heard what were his future intentions, she made her father acquainted with the situation of her heart, who, from never being accustomed to contradict the wishes of his daughter, would not do it in a matter where her happiness was concerned, and immediately offered her hand to the young parson, and with it a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, with a promise that it should be more than doubled, on condition that they both would reside in his house.

As my friend's heart had never been violently assailed by the tender passion, he could not resist the temptation of becoming master of so much wealth; and though he felt not the slightest emotion of tenderness toward the young lady, yet he resolved never to be deficient in marks of kindness or respect. In short, they entered the bands of wedlock; and a few months after this event the rector died, when, by the kindness of his father-in-law, my friend got a *living*, as well as a *wife*. They had been married about five years, when I received an invitation from the rector to pass a month at his father's country seat; and as I happened to arrive when the party were out on horseback, I amused myself with rambling about the grounds till they returned.

Before I perceived them approach, I heard the sound of several voices, loudly hallooing in the dogs; and amongst the number, it was easy to discover *one* not quite so *harsh* as the rest. Though I had been told that my young companion had married a *female Nimrod*, yet I could not suppose it to be a *lady's voice*, from the curious language that was made use of as they drew near enough for me distinctly to hear every word. As a fine old oak concealed me from their observation, I determined not to introduce myself until they had alighted from their steeds, when, judge of my astonishment at hearing my friend's *gentle help-mate* attack the groom in the following words: "Why d— your b—, Sir, did you not know that the mare was *spavined?* You are a pretty fellow, to *hire* yourself for a *groom!*" Then jumping from the back of the animal, and regarding her with an eye of pity, she exclaimed, "Ned, come and look at her! I'll

I'll be d—d if something is not amiss with the off hoof." So saying, she whipped out a hook from her pocket, and instantly knelt down upon the grass, caught up the mare's leg, and began clearing the inside of the hoof, with just as must dexterity as if she had all her life followed the occupation of a groom.

I was so anxious to make my observations upon this curious lady's actions, that I had quite forgot my resolution of remaining concealed, when Edward perceiving me, instantly sprung forward, and pressed me with the warmth of friendship to his heart. The next moment, reflecting that I must have witnessed the eccentricity of his companion, his countenance bore the traces of chagrin; but soon recovering from his embarrassment, he took me by the arm, and introduced me to Mrs. —— "This is the friend, my dear," said he, "we have so long expected, whose regard and esteem you know how much I prize." "I am happy to see you," said she, with a countenance full of good humour; "for every friend of Edward's I consider as *mine*."

What a Proteus! thought I, looking at her with amazement, which it was evident I had not concealed; for, with all the ease of unembarrassed freedom, she enquired if I had not heard her d—n the groom about her horse. Upon entering the house, she took off her riding-hat, and hung it upon a peg in the hall; and after dinner was over, entertained a numerous party, by singing at least half a dozen different hunting songs. As I am not very partial to the bottle, I left the dining-parlour before any of the guests; resolving to discover whether the singularities I I had observed in her were the effect of education, or whether they proceeded from a want of sense.

Upon entering the drawing-room, I found it deserted; and upon asking the butler where I should find his *lady*, he said, with the *grooms*. I accordingly followed her, and found her conversing with them upon the different qualities of her horses and dogs. So completely was I disgusted by this deviation from propriety, that I no longer felt anxious to discover whether she possessed a single grain of sense, and during the whole of my visit, I never

never conversed upon any topic, but that on which I knew she was likely to excel.

It is difficult for me to describe the real pain I experienced, at seeing my friend united to a woman whose mind is so uncongenial to his own; for though he is fond of the sports of the country, he was always considered as a man of literature and taste. Instead of our enjoying that elegant kind of conversation which the society of a *well-informed female naturally inspires*, I observed he was anxious to avoid every topic where the ignorance of his companion was likely to be displayed. Noisy mirth, it is true, supplied the place of cheerfulness; and boisterous festivity, the want of social sense; but these I should think were barren substitutes for the requisites I should expect to find in a wife.

My poor friend is not only deprived of the gratification of a social companion, to whom he can unfold every feeling of his heart, but, with all the advantages of a splendid fortune, there is not a single *comfort* in his house. All those little delicate attentions which a stranger receives in a well-conducted family from the mistress, as it were, anticipating his wants, are completely neglected by servants who have never been accustomed to be under any regular order or command. Though the furniture was costly, yet, it was shamefully neglected; and every chair in the rooms bore traces of the familiarity of the dogs, three or four of whom were always their mistress's attendants, and, indeed, I think, were the most proper companions that she could select.

In three days I became heartily sick of my visit, yet I could not break through the promise I had given to my friend; therefore I thought it would be better to philosophize a little, and, instead of becoming a *censor*, endeavour to be amused. Upon a greater degree of intimacy with my friend's fair partner, I discovered many traits of a natural goodness of heart; and, after her horses and dogs, I believe her *husband* to be the only object of her regard; yet I have seldom experienced so many pleasurable sensations, as when the moment arrived that I was to depart.

Upon

Upon terminating this visit, as I was within twenty miles of one of my college companions, I determined to spend a couple of days at his house, and accordingly turned my horse into the road towards the village, amusing my mind with taking a retrospect of all our juvenile scenes. Upon approaching the spot which owned my youthful companion for its master, I could not help being struck with the spruce and orderly appearance of every bush. Can these grounds, thought I, belong to my old friend *Careless?* A name he acquired at school, from never being able to find his books. A farmer's man passing, however, enabled me to satisfy my curiosity, who informed me, the house and lands certainly were the property of the *Squire*, who was mortally altered since his *marriage;* as *Madam* was *one* who would have her way.

At this intelligence I could not help rejoicing in my *own freedom;* and, after thanking my informer, entered the grounds of my friend's estate. Every thing I beheld was the perfect image of *order;* yet I could not help thinking that *Art* had counteracted *Nature's* designs, when my reflections were interrupted by seeing my former companion come out of his dwelling with a lady leaning upon his arm. The moment he beheld me, he recognized my features, and introduced me as a college companion to his wife, who received me with an air of distant politeness, which for a few moments chilled the blood in my veins. The warmth of *renewed friendship*, however, soon made it circulate; and the lady of the mansion left us, to give some direction about her domestic concerns, when her husband proposed walking, to show me some improvements which he was making in one of his farms; but taking out his watch, he said he would make enquiries whether the dinner could not be put back a *quarter* of an *hour*. The very idea of *listening* is to me so despicable, that I would not practise it, to know a *secret* on which my happiness might depend; but I could not help hearing, upon my friend's merely asking the question, the angry reply of his vociferous spouse: "Indeed, Mr. L—," said she, "I will not have the order of my

my family broke in upon for any of your thoughtless college friends; for if I was once to give up to your *inconsiderate* propensities, we might absolutely expect to have *chaos* come again."

The compliant husband immediately came forward, though in evident embarrassment, at the shrillness of the lady's voice, to inform me, that we had better defer our walk, as he understood the dinner would be ready before we could even reach the farm. "*Perfect regularity*," said my friend, endeavoring to conceal his vexation, "is the order of the day, I assure you, with Mrs. L—; and as I think men have no right to interfere in domestic arrangements, I always make a point of *letting* her have *her way*." I could not help smiling at the emphasis he laid upon the permission which he gave his wife to take the management of their family concerns, and amused myself till dinner, with observing the exquisite neatness with which every article of furniture was preserved in the house. Though the curtains of the room in which he received me were merely white dimity, yet all the tassels were preserved in little colored bags; and from the tops of the windows were suspended cut pieces of paper, for the purpose of attracting the attention of the flies. Though I could not help thinking these were rather *overstrained* marks of *cleanliness*, yet, as I thought neatness peculiarly desirable in a wife, I could not help drawing a comparison between my present objects, and those which I had so recently left behind.

The servant at length summoned us to dinner; and, upon entering the room, I observed Mrs. L— altering the position of each dish. Upon her husband mildly enquiring whether she would not take the head of the table, she replied, "that he very well knew she could never eat a morsel, if every article on the table was not properly arranged." The perfect diameter between each dish being at length adjusted, we seated ourselves round the *unsocial* board, when the accuracy of the lady's eye was once more offended by her husband's chair not being quite parallel with her own. Though the dinner was excellently dressed, I confess all this precision was a check to the ea-

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ger appetite with which I had entered the room; and, instead of endeavoring to entertain me with cheerful conversation, the whole of it consisted in complaints against her maids. At length the theme was diverted from the feminine channel, and the *men servants* came in for an equal share of *abuse;* for, upon my inviting her to take a glass of wine with me, the poor fellow unfortunately struck the waiter against my arm, and the crimson current not only stained a *beautiful damask* table-cloth, but discolored a carpet which had cost them *four-and-twenty pounds.* This was a crime not to be forgiven; and the table was ordered to be placed in another part of the room. Betty was instantly summoned with a pail of soap and water, attended by scrubbing-brushes, dusters, and brooms.

Though it was my intention to have spent a couple of days with my former companion, yet the conduct of this *orderly lady* induced me to alter my design, and I began to think the parson's situation *enviable* compared with that of a man who has a complete *managing wife.* Now as your work is evidently designed for the ladies, it doubtless would be friendly in you to give them a little wholesome advice; and teach them to recollect, that their mother Eve was created for the purpose of contributing to the social and refined pleasures of life! But if women, instead of endeavouring to render themselves pleasing companions to their husbands, chuse to level their ideas to the capacity of grooms, instead of inspiring that delicate tenderness which would make them *objects* of *admiration,* they only excite feelings of antipathy and disgust. The arrangement of domestic œconomy is doubtless their peculiar province; but surely the wishes of their husbands ought to form a part of the design; and the most elegant repast might certainly be delayed *fifteen minutes,* if that little alteration could afford any pleasure to their minds. The unfortunate habit which many ladies of my acquaintance have fallen into, of entertaining their friends with a long detail of the faults their domestics commit, is not only fatiguing to those unaffected by them, but a total breach of that politeness of which they *fancy* themselves possessed. I happened to dine about six weeks ago

with one of these *unpolished grumblers*, who entertained her company for half an hour with an account of the demolishing of a *china dish*, which she declared had made her so completely nervous, that it was with the utmost difficulty she was able to dress. "Madam," said I, at length fatigued with her loquacity, and tormented with the detail of such petty complaints, "I would advise you, if such a *calamity* should ever happen to you in *future*, to endeavour to imitate the philosophic calmness of the celebrated Doctor Hough." "And pray, Sir," enquired the lady, with some degree of asperity, "in what manner might he act? for I never even heard his name." "Why, Madam," I replied, "The Doctor had just bought a curious weather-glass, for which he had given *upwards* of thirty pounds; and, upon mentioning the circumstance to a gentleman who was a *connoisseur* in those matters, he requested the servant might fetch it down, who, upon going to deliver it for inspection, let it slip out of his hands. The gentleman who had been the indirect cause of this misfortune, was embarrassed beyond my abilities to describe; which the Bishop observing, said, with a smiling countenance, "I beg, my dear Sir, you will not be under the slightest concern. For my part, I think it rather a *lucky omen*, as we have hitherto had a *dry season*; but I trust we shall now have some rain; for I do not recollect having ever observed the glass so low before in my life."

"Now, Madam," continued I, "is it not difficult to determine, whether most to admire the Doctor's *good humour* or his *wit*? The former, it is true, we may all obtain possession of; but the *latter* does not depend upon ourselves." Though the lady allowed the Bishop must possess a great command of temper, yet I evidently saw she was not pleased with my reproof: but, however, perhaps, amongst your numerous readers, some of them may derive benefit from my tale.

I remain your constant reader,
Though not frequent correspondent,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

IT has frequently been observed, that both happiness and misery are relative emotions, which are either diminished, or decreased, in proportion as our minds have found a transition from the *one* to the *other* extreme. The man who has basked in the sunshine of prosperity, generally finds his spirits unable to support the attacks which adversity inflicts; whilst the being who is suddenly raised upon the pinnacle of *greatness*, finds his head suddenly become giddy from the exalting height. So completely are the bonds of society interwoven, and so firmly are the ties of relationship entwined, that one man's *success*, or another's *misfortunes*, generally, in some degree, affect his connections' minds.

I am led to form this opinion, from feeling the influence they have produced upon myself; and I have reason to deplore that sensibility of disposition, which makes me so tenderly participate in every heart-felt pain. Though, from the first moment of taking upon myself the sacred *character* of a *clergyman*, (which is now upwards of eight-and-twenty years,) my income never exceeded a hundred and fifteen pounds, yet I always contrived to save something to relieve the unfortunate; for charity seems an instinctive emotion in my breast. This amiable principle I should not have been able to gratify, had not my domestic concerns been under the direction of an economical wife, who always contrived to save a shilling, by the judicious disposal of every guinea she received; and who fulfilled every duty both of the mother and the wife. Though my family consisted of five children, yet my yearly bills with different tradesmen never amounted to fifty pounds; for we kept a cow and pigs, fed poultry, and both brewed and baked at home.

I taught my daughters to read and write, and gave them some slight instruction in the French language; and my wife was a complete mistress of every kind of work; therefore I was not at any expence for their education, except one year, that they persuaded me to let them go to a

dancing-school. My two boys found a friend in the lord of our manor, who kindly procured them admission into the blue-coat school; and I have the happiness of believing, they will never disgrace the patronage which they had the good fortune unexpectedly to obtain. My elder girl went as companion to a lady in the neighbourhood, whose delicate health required a change of clime. My younger, I had the misfortune to lose in a consumption, and this was the first serious affliction I ever met with in life. I endeavored, however, to submit to the decree of my Creator; but I had the misery of seeing my wife bowing under the stroke; for though she was fondly attached to all her children, my poor Nancy had certainly the first place in her heart! After having for nine months watched the bed of sickness, sometimes inspired by hope, and at others dejected by despair, I lost this endeared and amiable companion, and felt myself a kind of outcast in the world. The filial attentions of my Eliza, however, at length roused me from that state of lethargy, in which, from excessive grief, I was plunged. I patiently submitted to the will of the Almighty; and, if I did not become *cheerful*, I tried to feel *resigned*.

I had long fancied I had beheld a partiality between my girl and a young farmer who lived about half a mile from our house; and as he bore an excellent character I could not help wishing the attachment might increase. He had not long been in possession of his patrimonial inheritance, which amounted to about an hundred and forty pounds a year; and he hired some land that lay contiguous to this property, for which he paid annually about the same sum.

I soon had the satisfaction of receiving proposals from Mr. Richardson, on whom I gladly bestowed the hand of my child, and for some time enjoyed the highest gratification, from seeing him affectionate to my Eliza, and attentive to his affairs. I sometimes fancied I discovered too great a propensity in him to imitate the manners of those who lived in a higher sphere, for he was frequently planning out the manner in which he would dispose of his money, if by *industry* or *accident* he should ever become rich. My daughter rather encouraged than checked this conversation,

conversation, because she observed that it afforded her husband delight; and as I had not the slightest idea that his airy visions would be ever realized, I gave myself no uneasiness about the turn of his mind. Though he had collected many anecdotes respecting persons who had gained fortunes in the lottery, yet I had no suspicion he had been a purchaser without informing his wife; when, judge of the surprise I must have felt one morning, at finding myself awaked from a sound sleep by my son-in-law's voice.

"Congratulate me, my dear Sir! congratulate Eliza!" exclaimed he, without allowing me time to open my eyes. "Now you shall see what a style we will live in! Now I'll show the world how *well I love my wife!* She shall have the most elegant carriage in the whole neighbourhood! and I will keep a pack of the finest hounds. You shall see, my good Sir, that I am a *man of spirit;* for I am at this moment master of *twenty thousand pounds!*"

All this was said with so hurried an articulation, that it was impossible for me to get in a word; and I really began to imagine, that the poor fellow's head was turned. "What do you mean, George!" I exclaimed, with an astonishment which convinced him I had not comprehended the cause of his joy. "Don't you hear the bells?" he enquired: "Why an express is arrived from London, and my ticket has proved a prize of *twenty thousand pounds!*"

"I give you joy, my dear son," said I, shaking his hand with cordiality; and God give you grace to make a proper use of this boon." "Oh, never fear that," continued he with animation. "But *you* must come *directly* to our *house.*" Away he flew, without waiting for my answer; and meeting an old woman, who kept my house, on the stairs, I first heard him embrace her with all the ardour of affection, and next desire she would accept his purse to drink Eliza's health.

Instead of my heart glowing with gratitude towards my Maker, for unexpectedly bestowing riches upon my child, I could not help fearing they would be the means of conducting her to the road of ruin, and an unconquerable de-

jection took possession of my mind. The month after this unexpected acquisition of fortune was devoted to the entertainment of all the complimentary guests, who crouded the house for the purpose of seeing how its possessors were *affected*, under the pretence of offering congratulations, which few of them could feel.

I shall not attempt giving a minute description of the various alterations my son-in-law planned. The old house was erased, and a new one erected, large enough for a man of five times his wealth. It was in vain that I endeavored to persuade him to occupy his attention by cultivating his own little patrimonial estate; for he had too many pretended friends to encourage his extravagance, and impel him him to pursue the most visionary schemes. My poor Eliza enjoyed for a very short period the unexpected possession of undesired wealth; for it seemed to have been the means of alienating her husband's affection; and the indulgence of *pleasure*, it was soon evident, was undermining his health. Instead of the calm happiness he had enjoyed in the society of my Eliza, he could not bear his own house, unless it was filled with guests; and even that sacred engagement he had entered into at the altar, was infringed upon by the advice of his fashionable friends. Those tender pleasures of mutual affection, which ought to have proved checks upon *extravagance* and *caprice*, no longer excited emotion in the breast of a father, whose feelings were all absorbed by the effect of *example* and disease.

Seven years had scarcely made their annual circuit, when this ill-fated young man's life and fortune were brought to a close; and I was under the necessity of affording an assylum to my disconsolate Eliza and her children, who amongst all her friends in *prosperity*, found none ready to solace her woes.

Since the removal of my family, my expences have diminished; and I have been able to save a little for my unfortunate child, who, from having once enjoyed the elegances of existence, doubly feels the burden of her present distress.

BUCK.

BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE.

The following is a Description of the Interior of this Palace, which may be considered as the only Town Residence of their Majesties; St. James's being merely used as a Place of Audience, and for Purposes of State.

THE hall of entrance is upon a scale suitable to the dignity and spaciousness of the dwelling, which is so amply stored with the finest paintings, that the walls of even this apartment are covered with them. Views of cities in Italy, especially those by Canaletti, prevail here. The pavement is of white and dark colored marble. Three very large and superb lanterns, in the fashion of forty or fifty years since, hang from the ceiling. Eight lamps in glasses are placed on carved pedestals, very well painted in imitation of bronze. The story of Æneas and Dido covers the walls of the staircase. On the landing place of the chief floor, without any ante-room, opens the door of what is called the Japan Room, in which their Majesties and the Princesses breakfast. Here are the comforts of a family room, with the grandeur, and some of the ornaments, of a Palace. Three large paintings occupy three of the compartments, and, with several others, leave not much place for the curious Japan lining, from which the room takes its name. Vandyke is the favorite master here; and, perhaps, it is not too much to call these three lofty pictures his best works. That nearest the fire-place represents Charles I. Henrietta Maria, and their family, all in whole length. The next is the portrait of Charles I. on horseback, with a page on foot. The third is the Duke of Alva on horseback. A time-piece occupies the centre of a beautiful marble chimney-piece. The curtains are velvet, painted by the Princess Elizabeth, in shades of brown and maroon, in imitation of cut velvet. Here the elegance of the furniture ends. The tables and chairs are of a very old and plain fashion. The cold and hard-rubbed floor is without a carpet, a luxury of which his Majesty deprives himself in al-

most every apartment, from the opinion, that carpets, and other means of great warmth, are injurious to the health. Many of his subjects would find this deficiency very lamentable, if they were to pass a day at Buckingham House. A piano-forte is on one side of the room; a large organ completely fills up a compartment near the fire-place. Several little stands, of the height of a table, to hold a breakfast cup, or a work-bag, are placed in the corners. From this apartment extends a suite of rooms along the whole back front of the house, all nearly covered with the finest pictures, which have, however, been so often described, that we shall not notice them individually. Reubens, Vandyke, and Claude, are the chief masters. In every room the encouragement given by his Majesty to ingenious constructors of time-pieces is apparent, and the King's fondness for their art may be well accounted for by his known punctuality, in which probably none of his servants or subjects ever equalled him. We do not recollect that there is one room without a clock; certainly several have two or three. There are, at least, fifty in the house; all constantly wound up, according to their periods, by a trusty servant; and all in such correctness, that a difference of *half a minute* cannot be found amongst them. Weather-glasses, of different sizes and constructions, also occur frequently; and their *indices* correspond almost as well as the hands of the clocks. On this western side of the house are the King's and Queen's *Warm Rooms*; apartments so called, because they have the distinction of carpets, of which there are only four in the whole house; though not less than twenty of the rooms are in frequent use by the Royal Family; the others are in the Dining-Room and Queen's Bed-Room; but none of these completely over the floor. The furniture of this suite of apartments is otherwise extremely remarkable, and for the very qualities opposite to those that might be expected. Instead of being magnificent, elegant, or fashionable, it is of the very plainest form into which good materials can be worked; and even the materials are not always so conspicuously good, seldom so beautiful, as would be required in the houses of opulent individuals. And yet, though old enough to be

far out of any late taste, it bears no stamp of a venerable antiquity. The damask of the curtains and chairs is much faded: the mahogany of the latter is not beautiful; it is even so dull, that it much resembles walnut; and the latter are made with curving legs, and clump, or rather knob, feet, not well carved. The tables are of a similar fashion. Several old and very plain *armoires* and *escrutoires* encumber the rooms. The appearance of the whole is very striking to a visitor, if he has been inspecting any of the magnificent dwellings, called the *Shew Houses*, of our opulent Nobility, and has had his eye accustomed to gold mouldings, satin-lined compartments, stately mirrors, and vivid carpets. It would, indeed, be a lesson to the extravagance of the age to see this house. Amidst the utmost abundance of things justly valuable, of gratifications for an intelligent mind, and a solid taste, of books, pictures, maps, and instruments, purchased with a liberality truly royal, the King of England, and his numerous family, scarcely more elevated in rank than in their accomplishments, content themselves with such other furniture in their more domestic apartments, as many an opulent tradesman would certainly not envy. Now that solid value, and real use, in matters of this sort, are despised, and nothing valued but shew and fashion, for the sake of which fortunes are wasted, and convenience sacrificed, it may be beneficial to many individuals to see, or at least to know, how much more easily their Sovereign is satisfied.

ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreats in company with his Delia; (her real name was Wilmot:) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson, our harmonious countryman. "Would to Heaven, (said Shenstone, pointing to the trees,) that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting

senting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money (says he) is not worth struggling for.—You cannot be poorer than I am.—Unhappy man, (says he, throwing him his purse,) take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "Take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty." Then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want, and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements which made himself so poor; and, when Shenstone died, this labourer wet his grave with the true tears of gratitude.

Immortal Benevolence! the richest gem that adorns the human soul! without thee, kings are poor; and in thy possession, the beggar is immensely rich!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

Dec. 27.

THE Pantomime of *Love* and *Magic*, or, *Harlequin's Holiday*, was brought forward this evening for the first time, in which the tricks and gambols of *Harlequin*, embellished by the art of the mechanist, and the taste of the painter, add every possible fascination which can be conferred by splendid and appropriate dresses and decorations.

The

The overture does considerable credit to the talents of *Mr. Shaw*, the composer; and the rest of the music, consisting of selections from *Kelly's* pieces, is judiciously adapted to the business of the Pantomime.

Goldsmith's pleasant comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, has been brought forward at this house with considerable success. The part of *Tony Lumpkin* has found an able representative in *Bannister*; and *Mrs. Glover's Miss Hardcastle* deserves distinguished notice,

This lady, in consequence of *Mrs. Jordan's* sudden indisposition, performed, on Friday evening, the character of *Mrs. Sullen*, in the *Beaux Stratagem*. She was received with reiterated plaudits, and in the light and spirited scenes was much superior to her predecessor.

Jan. 13

Miss Woodfall, whose *debut* in the character of *Adelaide*, in the tragedy of *The Count of Narbonne*, proved the source of much promise, made her second appearance this evening in the same part. Her person is elegantly formed, her voice soft and affecting, and her delivery distinct and judicious. Her action was sometimes redundant, but in general it was just and natural. In the tender scenes and pathetic passages she excited uncommon interest. Her performance was sanctioned by the cordial and general plaudits of a fashionable and numerous audience. *Miss Woodfall* is, we understand, engaged for a term of three years.

Jan. 22

Capt. Fearon, the commander of a ship in the East India Company's service, made his *debut* on the boards this evening in the arduous character of *Richard the Third*.

With the business of a regular Theatre he has had no opportunity of being acquainted; his exertions having been hitherto confined to private circles. Yet he evinced as perfect a knowledge of the bustle and art of the mimic profession, as if he had maintained a distinguished rank in it for several years.

His walk is firm, his action spirited or easy, as the occasion requires, and his voice capable of giving force to the most trying passages, or the most distracting passions. He

was

was evidently intimidated by a disturbance which took place in the gallery immediately upon his entrance; but he soon recovered his powers, and went through the part with a success equal to the most sanguine expectations of his friends. The applause which he received was universal and reiterated.

COVENT GARDEN.

Dec. 27

Of *Harlequin's Habeas*, the title of the Pantomime performed at Covent Garden Theatre, we cannot speak too favorably. *Mr. Harris* has spared no expence to render it attractive. It abounds in the whimsical and ludicrous; and the tricks and changes are effected with surprising rapidity. The performers, particularly the *Bologna's*, little *Menage*, *Dubois*, and *Mrs. Wybrow*, displayed their respective talents with a success equal to the most sanguine expectations.

The piece is the invention of *Mr. T. Dibdin*, who has called in to his assistance the most popular artists. The taste and skill of *Messrs. Richards*, *Phillips*, and *Whitmore*, evinced, as they are, in some of the most picturesque and beautiful scenes that ever graced a Theatre, have been seldom displayed to a superior advantage. The music is the joint production, or adaptation, of *Messrs. Reeve*, *Moorehead*, and *Davy*. All the movements are happily suited to the subject; and the whole exhibition constitutes a variety of richness, gaiety, and humour, which must prove popular for a considerable time.

Dibdin's Comic Opera of *Family Quarrels* has completely triumphed over all the opposition of the *Girgashites*, and continues to attract full and splendid houses. A new duet is sung with great effect by *Braham* and *Storace*; and that between the former and *Incledon* is constantly greeted with a general encore.

Jan. 14

Their *Majesties*, accompanied by all the Princesses, with the exception of the Princess *Sophia*, who is confined by a slight indisposition, honored this Theatre on Friday evening with their presence, to see the comedy of *The Man of the World*, and the pantomime of *Harlequin's Habeas*.

They

They were greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of affection and loyalty.

The King was dressed in regimentals. The Queen and all the Princesses wore turban head-dresses, with feathers and diamonds. The Queen was in white satin and gold, the Princesses mostly in white and silver. They all, except Elizabeth, wore large white muffs and tippets, in consequence of the season: her Royal Highness wore a dark-colored muff and tippet.

A new candidate, of the name of Carles, of very respectable connections in the county of Stafford, and of no inconsiderable reputation for his classical acquirements both at Oxford and Cambridge, made his first attempt at this Theatre in the character of *Othello*, in which he certainly had great and various obstacles to surmount. To say that he succeeded in overcoming them, would not be a sufficient eulogy of his performance. He gave to the character a tenderness and judgment which have not been surpassed even by veteran Tragedians; and his discrimination and taste were happily exemplified in his delivery of the text. It was a long time before he could subdue the terrors which agitated him upon his entrance; but after the two first acts he became less timid, and gradually expanded his powers to the conclusion of the piece. His last scene ranks very high in passion and natural effect. His performance was sanctioned by loud and general plaudits.

KING'S THEATRE.

The new comic opera of *I Due Baroni* has been much improved since its first representation; yet even in its present state the plot is uninteresting, the incidents are weakly connected, and the characters evince little discrimination. The music, by *Cimarosa*, is, however, so excellent, that it will probably prove attractive for a considerable part of the season. The melodies are pure; and the movements, with the exception of some very difficult passages, very natural and pleasing.

Signora *Gerbini* displays in this piece vocal and acting talents, well calculated to entitle her to a distinguished rank in the opera *Buffa*.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A black beaver hat and feathers. A plain muslin gown, with long sleeves, and a tucker drawn close to the throat. A lilac velvet pelice, trimmed with ermine, and fastened with pearl buttons on the front and sleeves. Shoes, lilac; and gloves, York tan.

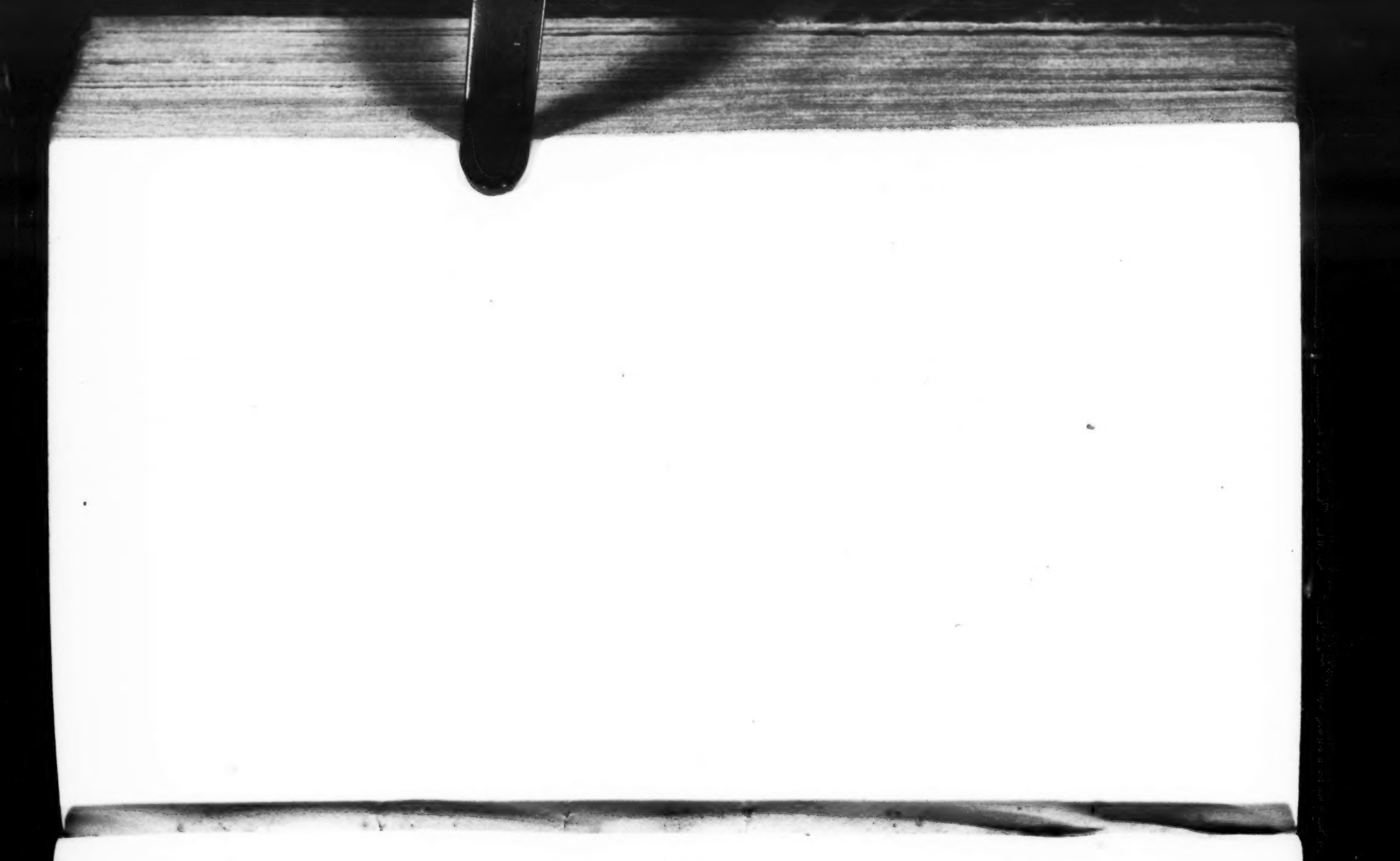
2. A white velvet hat, and short ostrich feathers. A double frill of lace round the neck. A blue mazarine sarsenet pelice, trimmed with white ribbons: and fur York tan gloves; and blue shoes.

EVENING DRESSES.

3. A turban of white satin; the crown of crimson velvet, trimmed with silver, and an ostrich feather. A robe of gold-coloured sarsenet, with a train in three divisions, over a dress of white muslin. The gloves and shoes white.

4. The dress plain white muslin, with a drapery of green sarsenet, embroidered with gold, and fastened with a rosette of gold on the right shoulder. A fillet of gold on the head, with a velvet wreath of purple grapes and leaves. The shoes green.

*** The prevailing colours are orange, crimson, purple, brown, green, yellow, and blue. Feathers are much worn. The shoes, in general, to correspond with the dress.



Morning Dreſſes.

Pub. by Vo[illegible] 1. Fe[illegible]

Evening Dresses.

Feb.y 1803 -

The Apollonian Wreath.

AN ELEGY

WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SPLEEN.

BY MR. HACKETT.

YE gay illusions, that inspir'd my soul!
Ye fond ideas, that bewitch'd my mind!
Why have you lost your former blest controul?
Where shall this fainting frame thy influence find?

Life, to my languid heart, retains no joy,
But all this world appears a barren wild,
A trifling bauble, or an empty toy,
Form'd to amuse an artless, prattling child!

The common rustic, toiling for his bread,
And by his daily labor earning food,
Is happier far than him by dainties fed,
On whom soft sensibilities intrude!

Not long emerg'd from childhood's happy state,
Not long elaps'd that season of delight;
Yet sick'ning Fancy paints the frowns of fate,
And pictures future years, a darksome night!

But why should Fancy sicken at the view,
And ever image heavy clouds of woe?
Fortune ne'er heard me for her favors sue,
For Fortune never yet appear'd my foe!

No, 'tis not for myself I heave the sigh!
No, 'tis not for myself I start the tear!
'Tis for mankind, who on a thread rely,
Yet live unbias'd by a single fear!

Yon playful infant, who, with sportive smile,
Heeds not the storms, nor feels the cares of life;
Poor, helpless, wretch, he little thinks of guile,
Nor future tempests of heart-breaking strife!

I once, like him, could sport, could smile, and play,
Nor knew a care, nor felt a single grief!
My life was then as jocund as the May,
And all my joys were creatures of belief!

Oh! how my heart in sorrow bleeds for thee!
How I compassionate thine helpless case!
Could but those sorrows, that afflicted me,
Prevent a tear from flowing down thy face:

I'd warn thee of the frailties of my youth,
And ev'ry rock 'gainst which my bark had struck;
Of dark designs, beneath the mask of truth;
And baseness, lurking in an honest look!

But, ah! the beacon does not always guard
The cautious mariner, by tempests hurl'd!
Nor do the precepts of the pensive bard
Preserve the stripling from a crafty world!

Have we not all, however few our years,
Beheld our friends, like autumn leaves, decay?
Have we not all, in sable and in tears,
Follow'd the coffin o'er the church-yard way?

Yes—ev'n I! (oh! that wishes could but save!)
When fewer years had circled o'er my head,
Follow'd a patron to his peaceful grave,
And well remember how my bosom bled!

Ah! poor humanity! I pity thee!
But pity cannot check the tears that flow!
Oh! could we soothe the sorrows that we see,
Mis'ry would raise her eye, and cheerful grow!

Yet there are transient hours, in which we feel
The thrills of pleasure, and the charms of love:
For beauty's smiles can all our sorrows heal,
And yield a tincture of the joys above!

Such are the hours that fly on golden wings,
When ———'s converse cheers my drooping heart;
Such are the joys my charmer ever brings,
Which she, like magic, ever can impart!

MORNING.

Ah, Prince! hadst thou but known the joys that dwell
With humble fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy royalty.
ROWE.

I.

AURORA, rous'd, dispels the thicken'd gloom
Which clothes dim Æribus, the god of night;
Withdraws the veil that darkens heaven's dome,
And pours her streams of vast ethereal light.

II.

The op'ning clouds with ruddy tints are drest;
The sun refulgent beams his strength'ning ray;
The warbling tribes now quit the downy nest,
And sweetly hail the fragrant break of day.

III.

The distant hill, o'ertopt with golden hue,
And blooming verdure, smiles amid the vale;
The blushing rose shakes off the pearly dew,
And with its odors scents the fleeting gale.

IV.

The fleecy care skip joyous o'er the plain,
And bounding steeds in running circles play;
The echoing cock awakes the early swain
To tend his flocks, lest hapless they should stray:

V.

Or rouse the ploughman with the fresh'ning morn,
To till the earth, or plough the fallow'd land,
Or mow the grass, or reap the yellow corn,
Or thresh when Winter rears his stern command.

VI.

Thus while I ponder on the various scene,
Come, Contemplation, aid my artless song;
And teach me safely how to steer between
The whirpools of the dissipated throng.

VII.

Ye giddy proud, ye know no real joys;
Alike enstrang'd to calm Content and Peace,
Oft frowning Care your fondest hopes destroys;
And Vice curtails life's too contracted lease.

VIII.

But turn around, and view the peasant's lot,
Whose toils, when o'er, enjoys unbroken rest.
Contented, too, within his lowly cot,
In peace he lives, and dies supremely blest.

London,
Jan. 1st, 1803.

R. T. OLIVANT.

LINES,

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH AN ALMANACK OF THE YEAR 1803,

AND WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

BY MR. HACKETT.

THE circling orbit of a single year
Has slowly roll'd its weary course away;
Another comes, and bids this heart sincere,
Present the record, and compose the lay!

Oh! may this image of a wav'ring breast,
Excite my charmer 'gainst the flatt'ring tribe.
But, dear Sophia, may it still suggest,
That love and constancy will here reside!

When cloudless days the bright horizon gild,
When breezes catch the melody of sound,
The bright horizon, nor the notes so wild,
When you are absent, can with charms abound!

When lightnings glimmer, and when whirlwinds rage,
When haughty oaks their lofty summits bow,
Let the elemental war for ever wage,
It cannot tear me from my ardent vow!

What

What tho' the billows, of the roaring main,
Have never borne me to a distant earth;
Yet still, Sophia, you unjustly deign
To deem your poet one of Neptune's *birth.

Oh! could this frail memorial but impart
The warm impressions that my soul retains,
I'd clasp the trifle to my beating heart,
And bid a fond adieu to all my pains!

For dear Sophia ever would relieve
The wretch whose days are never cheer'd by ease;
Would bid her lover never more to grieve,
And kindly give him everlasting peace!

THE BACHELOR's SOLILOQUY;

OR, A NEW PUZZLE† IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

I.

HAPPY a man may pass his life
While free'd from matrimonial chains.
When he his govern'd by a wife
He's sure to suffer for his pains.

II.

What tongue is able to declare
The failings which in women dwell
The worth that falls to woman's share
Can scarce be call'd—perceptible.

III.

In all the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride.
Truth—darling of a heart sincere
In woman never can reside.

* This stanza alludes to some verses which were also sent to the same lady, with an almanack of 1802; and suspicion was entertained of their having been sent by a naval officer, who by his conduct encouraged the supposition.

† When read for the *praise* of women, the first and third lines, then the second and fourth, must be read.

IV.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in vanity and prate
Their leisure hours in social joy
To spend is what all women hate

V.

Destruction take the men I say
Who make of women their delight
Those who contempt to women pay
Keep prudence always in their sight.

ANNA MARIA

ON NIGHT.

HASTE, solemn night, to close the eye of day,
To sooth each pain, and drive each care away;
To charm the soul of labour to repose,
While breathing zephyrs lull each folding rose;
To ease the anxious heart of thrilling fear,
While flattering Hope deludes each starting tear.
'Tis silence all, and hush'd each warbler's throat,
Save Philomela's melancholy note:
Now wild Ambition plans each airy scheme,
But rankling Envy poisons every dream;
Now conscious Guilt pursues in vain to find
One beam of comfort dawning o'er his mind:
But Innocence, by downy Sleep carest,
Feels no contending passions in her breast.
Now Contemplation wings her sober flight,
And pours her secret in the breast of night;
The glittering stars in lucid order run,
Leaving no wishes for the absent sun.
The silent moon steals on by slow degrees,
And seems to whisper to the listening trees;
Till fair Aurora reassumes her sphere,
And drops a spangle in each cowslip's ear.

Hertford,
Jan. 4th, 1803.

LAVINIA SOPHIA.

LINES

LINES,

To T. F. Esq. of Turnham Green,

BY MR. HACKETT.

No muses on these lines attend;
I sink the poet in the friend.
COWPER.

WHEN chance conducts us to a friend,
What warm sensations thrill the breast!
What smiles in ev'ry feature play,
That give the passing hours a zest!

The cares of life are then forgot;
Each sorrow of the soul is fled;
No anguish'd feelings wound the mind,
For friendship heals the heart that bled!

But who can trace, however skill'd,
The secret source whence friendships flow?
Or knowingly the cause unfold,
That makes the beating bosom glow?

I dare maintain, in spite of fools,
Who ever against sense combine,
That friendship cannot long subsist
Where Wisdom's branches never twine!

Too oft is Friendship's sacred name
By villains turn'd to basest ends;
But that esteem which binds us both,
Is friendship that to virtue tends.

A poet's name I never sought,
Nor vainly deem'd the laurel due—
I only write to please a friend;
Oh! justly think that friend is you!

HOPE.

HAIL, sacred Hope, thou friend of human kind,
And fruitful source of every cheering blessing,
Who gives a balm to every bleeding mind,
Where throbs the bosom Misery's pang possessing;
Around wide shedding Comfort's smiling rays,
And length'ning pleasure with our length of days.

When dire disease the mortal frame invades,
And shoots its burning poison through the heart;
When danger warns us of the realm of shades,
And Friendship's tears forbode we soon must part;
Reviving Hope our lorn sunk thoughts pursue,
Glad'ning with promis'd health of rosy hue.

When ruthless death the fated arrows sped,
And life's expiring flame weak trembling gleams;
When doom'd to moulder mid the murky dead,
E'er morning sun displays his golden beams;
In that dread hour, as nature heaves the groan,
Hope charms the soul with heav'nly bliss unknown.

When chilling poverty the soul enchains,
And want deep sorrowing implores relief;
When pinching hunger agonizing reigns,
And Pity's deaf to all the cries of grief;
Hope cheers the bosom labouring with distress,
And plenty smiles through distant times to bless.

When close immur'd within the dungeon's walls,
Sad, ling'ring victim of a tyrant's power,
Where ruthless bound the clanking fetter galls,
And night's black glooms pervade each coming hour;
The pensive suff'rings of the mind to chase,
Thro' Hope's bright mirror Freedom we embrace.

In all the various complicated ills
That goad us here, in body, or in mind,
Blest Hope her sweet and powerful balm instills,
That ev'ry sinking soul support may find.
Through her we ward the shafts of fell despair,
And life's severest rubs with courage bear.

A. W.

IMPROMPTU.

BY HORATIO.

TO MATILDA.

DEAR girl, by some ill-fortune cross'd,
You, smiling, say, my heart I've lost,
My vacant looks resound it.
Alas! 'tis what I've long confess'd;
But quickly own—'twill make me bless'd—
If *you*, perchance, have *found it*.

On

IMPROMPTUS.

BY HORATIO.

On a Lady being ask'd by her Admirer when she "purposed to fix the Day for their Nuptials," and her replying, "that it was a *Business* upon which she was at a Loss to determine."

WHY hesitate, enchanting Maid!
To lauch into so sweet a *trade*,
And form the *firm of Man and Wife?*
The *profit* 'twill produce *is bliss*——
Then straight consent for *gain* like this,
And be my *partner dear for life.*

TO MARIA,

ON HER WEARING *two* MINIATURES SET IN *one* LOCKET.

EXEMPT from art, and base deceit,
Maria *once* I thought complete;
But alter'd *now* the case is;
She, like all other girls, I find,
Can use her cunning when inclin'd,
And wear, alas!——*two Faces.*

SONNET.

WHY should our little life be vainly spent
In all the vile pursuits of sordid gain;
Since Indian treasures cannot yield content,
Nor regal pow'r the flight of Time restrain?

For ends of higher aim were mortals sent,
To pace awhile this weary world of pain;
And souls like theirs, on nobler objects bent,
Should all such vulgar, mean pursuits disdain.

Their tasks should be, to brave Temptation's pow'r,
And all his fierce assaults to render vain;
To stand unmov'd Affliction's evil hour,
And still with patient heart his rage sustain;
To trace each path where praise or virtue lies,
And fit their souls at last for commerce with the skies!

TO

TO SYLVIA.

BY MR. HACKETT.

WHEN charming Sylvia seeks, with subtle art,
To gain the soft recesses of the heart;
Her hostile arts no other end attain,
Than fools to flatter, and than men to feign!

But when her modest look, and downcast eye,
Excite the tribute of an ardent sigh;
That blooming fair imparts this maxim true,
That beauty ever can obtain her due!

LINES

[*Sent to a Lady addicted to fashionable Hours, with a Violet.*

DID you but know, when bath'd in dew,
How sweet this little Violet grew
Amidst the thorny brake,
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic wash, or ball,
Nature's own favorite tints recall,
If once you let them go.

SONNET.

WHILST in those eyes of mildest light
A sadness sweet and strange I see,
I sometimes think, when I am sad,
They look with kindness upon me.

Say, my sweet Susan, dost thou love
(For much of grief thou sure hast known)
To mark on Care's dejected brow
The trace of sorrows like thy own?

Or

Or does thy heart, when a hard world
No pity to its wounds would lend,
Like a poor stranger, anxious turn
To meet the kind looks of a friend?

Perhaps thou think'st a stricken heart
To many a kindred care inclin'd,
With all thy griefs would sympathize,
To all thy weakness would be kind.

Yes, my sweet love—by hopes most dear
I swear, (and Heav'n my witness be,)
This heart, that wants a friend itself,
Should bleed to purchase peace for thee.

When thought sat sadly on thy brow,
The secret cause I would not seek,
But trembling kiss the falling tear,
And press thy hand, but never speak.

And if thy friends should prove unkind,
And if hard foes thy soul oppress'd,
On my poor heart thou should'st recline,
And rest thy head upon my breast.

Nor be the pleasing hope in vain
That images of joy pourtrays,
And forms for thee, in prospect clear,
The fairest views of happier days.

Again the bright returning sun
The op'ning landscape shall illume;
And the lorn flower, that seems to droop,
Shall all its wonted sweets resume.

Thy heart, when all its cares are past,
Shall every long-lost joy regain;
But mine, alas! that pitied thine,
I fear, will never rest again.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Land-scape.

——— II.—Part-ake.

NEW

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

IF safe from ambition my Delia would steer,
My *First* let her shun, as corruption is there:
My *Second* she'd know?—Why, it thunders in wars;
The safeguard of *Britain*, and brave *Britain's* tars.
My *Whole* free from *sorrow*, from *care*, and from *strife*,
At once forms the best, sweetest moments of life.

CHARADE II.

TO two thirds of what was formed of clay,
Add the pride of a fond mother's heart,
And 'twill form a name of ancient day,
Renown'd for a mysterious art.

CHARADE III.

LOVE in my first, as witty poets tell,
And Dixon proves the fact, stands centinel;
While in my second, stately and serene,
She moves the rival of the Paphian Queen.
Now guess my third, and versify upon it;
'Tis a nice thesis for a lover's sonnet,
Peeping so sweetly from beneath the bonnet.

Correspondence, &c.

E. C. *will find that he is not "Consigned to the Grave of the Capulets."*

We regret it is not in our Power, from the Number of our Correspondents, to pay them that Attention, individually, we could wish. It would take some Pages of the Museum to acknowledge every Article received; but our Friends may rest assured, that whatever is approved, will meet as speedy Insertion as possible.

Engd by K. Mackenzie from an Original Picture.

Lady Manners

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